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GRAMMATICAL INSTITUTE

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE;

COMPRISING,

An easy, concise and systematic method of

EDUCATION,

Designed for the Use of Schools in AMERICA.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

CONTAINING.

The necessary Rules of reading and speaking, and a Variety of Essays, Dialogues, and declamatory Pieces, moral, political and entertaining; divided into Lessons, for the Use of Children.

BY NOAH WEBSTER, Jun. Esq.

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THE design of this Third Part of the Grammatical Institute of the English Language, is to furnish common English Schools with a variety of exercises for reading and speaking, at a small expence. Colleges and Academies are already supplied with many excellent collections for this purpose; among which, the *Art of Speaking*, *Enfield's Speaker*, *Enfield's Exercises*, the *Preceptor*, the *Young Gentleman and Lady's Monitor*, are used with great reputation. But these are too large and expensive for the body of the people to purchase, who cannot afford a school for their children but a few months in a year. The want of some small books of this kind, has confined most of our schools to the use of the Bible, the size of which and the smallness of the type, has occasioned distinct portions of it, particularly the Psalms and the New Testament, to be printed separately on a larger type. But to the common and sole use of the Bible or any part of it in schools, there are two capital objections.

In the first place, the style is so uniform and so different from that of the present age, that children, who are confined to it, never acquire a complete knowledge of words, and of the modern manner of writing, to read other books with tolerable propriety.

In the second place, it has often been observed by men of piety, that such a common use of the Bible, is a kind of prostitution of divine truth to secular purposes—that children are insensibly led, by a habit of familiarity, to consider that sacred work, or at least to treat it as a book of no more importance

importance than any human performance; and that, being accustomed in early life to repeat it often, and many times with the utmost reluctance, they imbibe a disgust for it, which their subsequent conviction of its importance, is seldom able to conquer. If therefore the Bible were read two or three times in a week, with that seriousness it deserves, and its precepts explained by the instructor, merely with a view to impress, upon young minds, moral and religious truths, there is no doubt but such a use would have a more permanent effect upon the principles and conduct of posterity, and the awful solemnities of inspiration would escape profanation, from the levity and wickedness of school-boys.*

In the following work, I have endeavoured to make such a collection of essays as should form the morals as well as improve the knowledge of youth.

Of the pieces here selected, some are borrowed from British writers of eminence—some are fugitive American publications—some are taken from the manuscripts of my friends—and a few are my own composition. Whenever I have been indebted to English books I have invariably given credit to the author or compiler.

It is found by experience that Dialogues, as bearing a near resemblance to the common talk of

* I submit these ideas to the feelings of every person. For my part I freely own that I have often shuddered at the sight of thoughtless boys, laughing while they mention the name of Jehovah, and repeating the invitations of divine mercy and the denunciations of infinite wrath, with the same indifference as they would rehearse an unimportant paragraph of a news paper.

of children, are the best calculated to prevent or break ill habits of reading, and to teach them an easy unaffected pronunciation. This will account for the number admitted into this collection.

In the choice of pieces, I have not been inattentive to the political interests of America. Several of those masterly addresses of Congress, written at the commencement of the late revolution, contain such noble, just and independent sentiments of liberty and patriotism, that I cannot help wishing to transfuse them into the breasts of the rising generation.

This part completes the system I had proposed to publish for the use of schools. To refine and establish our language, to facilitate the acquisition of grammatical knowledge, and diffuse the principles of virtue and patriotism, is the task I have laboured to perform; and whether the success should equal my wishes or not, I shall still have the satisfaction of reflecting that I have made a laudable effort to advance the happiness of my country.

Hartford, January, 1785.

R U L E S

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[illegible]

1 NO 61

1891, January, 1891

RULES FOR READING AND SPEAKING.

RULE I.

Let your articulation be clear and distinct.

A GOOD articulation consists in giving every letter and syllable, its proper proportion of sound.

Let each syllable and the letters which compose it, be pronounced with a clear voice, without whining, drawling, lisping, stammering, mumbling in the throat or speaking through the nose. Avoid equally a dull, drawling habit and too much rapidity of pronunciation; for each of these faults destroys a distinct articulation.

RULE II.

Observe the stops and make the proper pauses, but make no pause where the sense requires none.

The characters we use as stops are extremely arbitrary and do not always mark a suspension of the voice. On the contrary, they are often employed to separate the several members of a period, and show the grammatical construction. Nor when they are designed to mark pauses, do they always determine the length of those pauses; for this depends much on the sense and the nature of the subject. A semicolon, for example, requires a longer pause in a grave discourse, than in a lively and spirited declamation. However, as children
are

are incapable of nice distinctions, it may be best to adopt at first some general rule with respect to the pauses, * and teach them to pay the same attention to these characters as they do to the words. They should be cautioned likewise against pausing in the midst of a member of a sentence, where the sense requires the words to be closely connected in pronunciation.

R U L E I I.

Pay the strictest attention to accent, emphasis and cadence.

Let the accented syllables be pronounced with a proper stress of voice; the unaccented, with little stress of voice, but distinctly.

The important words of a sentence, which I call naturally emphatical, have a claim to a considerable force of voice; but particles, such as, *of, to, as, and, &c.* require no force of utterance, unless they happen to be emphatical, which is rarely the case. No person can read or speak well, unless he understands what he reads; and the sense will always determine what words are emphatical. It is a matter of the highest consequence therefore, that a speaker should clearly comprehend the meaning of what he delivers, that he may know where to lay the emphasis. This may be illustrated by a single example. This short question, *Will you ride to town to day?* is capable of four different meanings, and consequently

* See the First Part of the Institute, where the proportion of the comma, semicolon, colon and period, is fixed at one, two, four, six.

quently of four different answers, according to the placing of the emphasis. If the emphasis is laid upon *you*, the question is, whether *you* will ride to town or *another person*. If the emphasis is laid on *ride*, the question is, whether you will *ride* or go on *foot*. If the emphasis is laid on *town*, the question is, whether you will ride to *town* or to *another place*. If the emphasis is laid on *to day*, the question is, whether you will ride *to day* or some *other day*. Thus the whole meaning of a phrase often depends on the emphasis; and it is absolutely necessary that it should be laid on the proper words.

Cadence is a falling of the voice in pronouncing the closing syllable of a period ||. This ought not to be uniform; but different at the close of different sentences.

But in interrogative sentences, the sense often requires the closing word or syllable to be pronounced with an elevated voice. This, however, is only when the last word is emphatical; as in this question, "Betrayest thou the son of man with a kiss?" Here the subject of enquiry is, whether the common token of love and benevolence is prostituted to the purpose of treachery; the force of the question depends on the last word, which is therefore to be pronounced with an ele-

B

vation

|| We may observe that good speakers always pronounce upon a certain key; for altho' they modulate the voice according to the various ideas they express, yet they retain the same pitch of voice. Accent and emphasis require no elevation of voice, but a more forcible expression on the same key. Cadence respects the last syllable only of the sentence; which syllable is actually pronounced with a lower tone of voice; but when words of several syllables close a period, all the syllables but the last, are pronounced on the same key as the rest of the sentence.

vation of voice. • But in this question, “ Where is *boasting* then ?” the emphatical word is *boasting*, which of course requires an elevation of voice.

The most natural pitch of voice is that in which we speak in ordinary conversation. Whenever the voice is raised above this key, pronunciation is difficult and fatiguing. There is a difference between a *loud* and a *high* voice. A person may speak much *louder* than he does in ordinary discourse, without any elevation of voice; and he may be heard distinctly, upon the same key, either in a private room or in a large Assembly.

R U L E IV.

Let the sentiments you express be accompanied with proper tones, looks and gestures.

By *tones* I mean the various modulations of voice by which we naturally express the emotions and passions. By *looks* I mean the expression of the emotions and passions in the countenance.

Gestures are the various motions of the hands or body which correspond to the several sentiments and passions which the speaker designs to express.

All these should be perfectly natural. They should be the same which we use in common conversation. A speaker should endeavour to feel what he speaks; for the perfection of reading and speaking is, to pronounce the words as if the sentiments were our own.

If a person is rehearsing the words of an angry man, he should assume the same furious look, his eyes should flash with rage, his gestures should
be

be violent, and his utterance rapid and vehement. But if he utters the sentiments of benevolence and kindness, his countenance should put on a smile, his eye-lids should be drawn nearer together than usual, and his voice should be soft and inviting: An example of the first we have in these words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his Angels." An example of the latter, in the following,—“Come, Ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world.” And the person, who pronounces these two sentences with the same voice, looks and gestures, must be a total stranger to the rules of reading and oratory.

It is impossible to describe with words all the various passions that affect us; they can be learned only from observing persons under the operations of them.

All good speaking must arise from feeling; and when we would utter with propriety the words of another person, we should endeavour as much as possible to put ourselves in his place and make his sentiments our own. If a reader or speaker is not interested in what he says, his pronunciation will *certainly* be without animation, *probably* without propriety.

Let this fundamental rule, therefore, be impressed upon the learner's mind; *That whatever he reads or speaks should be pronounced just as the sentiments were his own.*

SELECT SENTENCES,

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

CHAP. I.

TO be very active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself has its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy, by doing good.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wife

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

C H A P. II.

WITHOUT a friend the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeding.

That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others' faults, wise men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent; and habit will render it the most delightful.

C H A P. III.

CUSTOM is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

As to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those

those that are most forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom, to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

To mourn without measure is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only drew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he never can be wise but by his own wisdom.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The

The coin that is most current amongst mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds *him* whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world, *him* who is most wealthy.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and his neighbour too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

C H A P. IV.

AN angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but
little

little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn; they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full, and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man, shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues, praise: such is the force of ill will, and ill nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, the earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia, two kings. Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, were I Alexander, I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the soul of greatness are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls; without this, the highest state of life is insipid, and with it, the lowest is a paradise.

C H A P. V.

HONOURABLE age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor which is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things: for fear is
nothing

nothing else, but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down is thrust away by his friends; when a rich man is fallen he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him; the poor man slipt and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speak, they say, what fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words, when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first and

and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forfake not an old friend, for the new is not compareable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he hath, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it, or if he hath, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother: how canst thou recompense them the things they have done for thee?

There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The art of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labour, and to be contented with that a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Be

Be in peace with many; nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Let reason go before every enterprize, and counsel before every action.

C H A P. VI.

THE latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

There is nothing wanted to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the same degree that they are resentful.

Young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour

honour covers all their faults, as that of passion all their follies.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than out-living a great deal.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

People frequently use this expression, I am inclined to think so and so, not considering that they are speaking the most literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty

honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falshood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falshood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

C H A P. VII.

DEFERENCE is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald, is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition, and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning.

Although men are accused for not knowing their

their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischievous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday,

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers; as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit, which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest articles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Men's

Men's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they shew for a foot-ball: whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake in-to, much less to remove.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean, but a necessary substitute for it, in societies which have none: it is a sort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth: there are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which whatever they determine they will repent of their determination; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phrase simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for late writers, but affectation, witicism, and conceit?

C H A P. VIII.

WHAT a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in

form and moving, how express and admirable
in action how like an angel in apprehension how
like a God!

If to do, were as easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor
men's cottages, princes' palaces. He is a good
divine that follows his own instructions: I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than to be one of the twenty to follow my own
teaching,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good
and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if
our faults whipped them not; and our crimes
would despair, if they were not cherished by our
virtues.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

How far the little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

————— Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than in use; keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never task'd for speech.

The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea,

Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve;
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a wreck behind! we are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, [us
 When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.

The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 And as imagination bodies forth [heaven;
 The form of things unknown, the Poet's pen
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing,
 A local habitation and a name.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike [touch'd,
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
 But to fine issues: nor nature ever lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
 And he but naked (tho' lock'd up in steel)
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

C H A P. IX.

O H world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast
 Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
 Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
 Are still together; who twine (as 'twere) in love
 Inseparable; shall within this hour,
 On a dissolution of a dole, break out
 To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes, [sleep
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
 And interjoin their issues.

So it falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we wreak the value; then we find
 The virtue that possession would not shew us
 Whilst it was ours.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

There is some foule of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out,
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers;
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry;
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all; admonishing,

That

That we should dress us fairly for our end.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in th' air of men's fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

——— Who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summers' heat?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Hell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more;
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

——— 'Tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than a sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie

All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

He that would pass the latter part of his life,
with honour and decency, must, when he is young
consider that he shall one day be old, and remem-
ber, when he is old, that he has once been young.

An old age, unsupported with matter for dis-
course and meditation, is much to be dreaded.
No state can be more destitute than that of him
who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has
no pleasures of the mind.

Such is the condition of life that something is
always wanted to happiness. In youth we have
warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness
and negligence, and great designs, which are de-
feated

seated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them. We are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault.

The maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be master of your anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life, the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity, and thought he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

Pride is undoubtedly the origin of anger, but pride, like every other passion, if it breaks loose from reason, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused; why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last.

Whilst an author is yet living, we estimate his works by the worst performance. When he is dead, we rate them by his best.

It requires but a little acquaintance with the heart, to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome; and that consequently the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty.

The

The universal axiom in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilized nations, is,—“That no man should give any preference to himself,”—a rule so comprehensive and certain, that perhaps it is not easy for the mind to imagine an incivility without supposing it to be broken.

Charity would lose its name were it influenced by so mean a motive as human praise.

That charity is best of which the consequences are most extensive.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.

Cheats can seldom stand long against laughter.

What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

The state of the mind oppressed with a sudden calamity is like that of the fabulous inhabitants of the new created earth, who, when the first night came on, supposed that day would never return.

There is a kind of anxious cleanliness, which is always the characteristic of a flatterer; it is the superfluous scrupulosity of guilt, dreading discovery and shunning suspicion.—It is the violence of an effort against habit, which being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

No rank in life precludes the efficacy of a well-timed

timed compliment. When Queen Elizabeth asked an Ambassador how he liked her ladies, he replied, "It was hard to judge of stars in the presence of the sun."

The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance.

The great disturbers of our happiness in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our tears; and to all these the *consideration of mortality* is a certain and adequate remedy. "Think (says Epictetus) frequently on poverty, banishment, and death, and thou wilt never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments."

It is remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad.

To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

To die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish, is generally his folly.

To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of martyrs—to meet death with intrepidity is the right only of innocence (if in any human being innocence can be found); but of him whose life is shortened by his crimes, the last duties are humility and self-abasement.

Death is no more than every being must suffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man.

He that too much refines his delicacy, will always endanger his quiet.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than na-

ture allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career, but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

Timorous thoughts, and cautious disquisitions, are the dull attendants of delay.

Deceit and falshood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. But when in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves.

Employment is the great instrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aside from one object, but by passing to another.

The gloomy and the resentful are always found among those who have *nothing to do*, or who do *nothing*. We must be busy about good, or evil, and he, to whom the *present* offers nothing, will often be looking backward on the *past*.

Extended

Extended empire, like expanded gold, exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor.

To raise esteem, we must benefit others ; to procure love, we must please them.

He that is loudly praised, will be clamorously censured. He that rises hastily into fame, will be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion.

A father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it.

All fear is in itself painful ; and when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil ; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it ; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or beset life with super-numerary distresses.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it, very few would be poor.

Though in every age there are some, who, by bold adventures or by favourable accidents, rise suddenly into riches ; the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expence must be resolutely reduced.

A man's voluntary expences should not exceed his income.

Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.

Let no man squander against his inclination.

In all political regulations, good cannot be complete, it can only be predominant.

No government could subsist for a day, if single errors could justify defection.

Government

Government is necessary to man ; and when obedience is not compelled, there is no government.

No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions.

All skill ought to be exerted for universal good. Every man has owed much to others, and ought to pay the kindness that he has received.

We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found ; and each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself.

The happiness of the generality of people is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied.

C H A P. X.

THE highest panegyric that domestic virtue can receive, is the praise of servants ; for however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.

Such is the power of health, that without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeless, as the power of vegetation without the sun.

Good-

Good-humour may be defined; a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manners, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition, like that which every one perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses.

As briars have sweetness with their prickles, so are troubles often recompensed with joy.

Those that have done nothing in life, are not qualified to judge of those that have done little.

Few things are impossible to industry and skill.

Many things difficult to design, prove easy to performance.

He that shall walk with vigour three hours in a day, will pass, in seven years, a space equal to the circumference of the globe.

It is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it.

There are said to be pleasures in madness, known only to madmen. There are certainly miseries in idleness, which the idler can only conceive.

Integrity without knowledge is weak, and generally useless; and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

The man who feels himself ignorant, should at least be modest.

In things difficult there is danger from ignorance; in things easy, from confidence.

Those who, in consequence of superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing

will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

Whatever be the motive of insult, it is always best to overlook it; for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect.

Man is not weak; knowledge is more than equivalent to force.

Life is not to be counted by the ignorance of infancy, or the imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting.

Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot ultimately be defeated.

The great art of life is to play for much, and stake little.

He that embarks in the voyage of life, will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the wind, than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in their passage, while they lie waiting for the gale.

In the different degrees of life, there will be often found much *meannefs* among the great, and much *greatness* amongst the mean.

It is not by comparing *line* with *line*, that the merit of great works is to be estimated; but by their general effects and ultimate result.

It is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared.

There is not, perhaps, one of the liberal arts which may not be completely learned in the English language.

It is observed, that a corrupt society has many laws.

A zeal, which is often thought and called liberty, sometimes disguises from the world; and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth, or degrading greatness; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, or imperious eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care what shall be established.

As a man only inebriated by vapours, soon recovers in the open air, a nation discontented to madness, without any adequate cause, will return to its wits and allegiance, when a little pause has cooled it to reflection.

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

The infelicities of marriage are not to be urged against its institution, as the miseries of life would prove equally, that life cannot be the gift of heaven.

It will be generally found, that those who marry late are best pleased with their children; and those who marry early, with their partners.

We should not despise the malice of the weakest. We should remember, that venom supplies the want of strength; and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp.

An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.

No mercantile man, or mercantile nation, has any friendship but for money; and alliances between them will last no longer than their common safety,

safety, or common profit is endangered; no longer than they have an enemy who threatens to take from each, more than either can steal from the other.

The misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

Merriment is always the effect of a sudden impression; the jest which is expected is already destroyed.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are suffered which might have once been supplied, and much time is lost in regretting the time which had been lost before.

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought; our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.

The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed, or gratified we want to be again expecting.

Compositions, merely pretty, have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for something useful. They are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration; or they are blossoms only to be valued as they foretell fruits.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy

py unenvied, to be healthful without phyſic, and ſecure without a guard. To obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artiſts, and the attendants of flatterers and ſpies.

Nature makes us poor, only when we want neceſſaries, but cuſtom gives the name of poverty to the want of ſuperfluities.

To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches, and therefore every man endeavours, with his utmoſt care, to hide his poverty from others, and his idleneſs from himſelf.

He that changes his party by his humour, is not more virtuous, than he that changes it by his intereſt. He loves himſelf rather than truth.

Faction ſeldom leaves a man honeſt, however it may find him.

Praiſe is ſo pleaſing to the ear of man, that it is the original motive of almoſt all our actions.

That praiſe is worth nothing of which the price is known.

The real ſatiſfaction which praiſe can afford, is when what is repeated aloud, agrees with the whiſpers of conſcience, by ſhewing us that we have not endeavoured to deſerve well in vain.

To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praiſed* is truly rare.

Pride is a vice, which pride itſelf inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himſelf.

Pride is ſeldom delicate, it will pleaſe itſelf with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happineſs, but when it may be compared with the miſery of others.

Moderation.

Moderation in prosperity, is a virtue very difficult to mortals.

Small things make mean men proud.

C H A P. XI.

THERE is a kind of men who may be classed under the name of *bustlers*, whose *business* keeps them in perpetual motion, yet whose motion *always eludes their business*; who are always to do what they never do; who cannot stand still because they are wanted in another place, and who are wanted in many places because they can stay in none.

No people can be great who have ceased to be virtuous.

The usual fortune of complaint, is to excite contempt more than pity.

To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendship: and though it must be allowed, that he suffers most like a hero who hides his grief in silence, yet it cannot be denied, that he who complains, acts like a man—like a social being, who looks for help from his fellow-creatures.

Differences are never so effectually laid asleep, as by some common calamity. An enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger.

He that never was acquainted with adversity, (says Seneca) has seen the world but *on one side*, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature: As no man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary

fary to a just sense of better fortune; for the good of our present state is merely comparative; and the evil which every man feels will be sufficient to disturb and harrafs him, if he does not know how much he escapes. The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the shades.

Conveniences are never missed, where they were never enjoyed.

It is generally the fate of a *double dealer*, to *lose* his power, and *keep* his enemies.

Disguise can gratify no longer than it deceives.

Diligence is never wholly lost.

Dulness and deformity are not culpable in themselves, but may be very justly reproached when they pretend to the honour of *wit*, or the influence of *beauty*.

What are our views of all worldly things, when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before our eyes, and the last hour seems to be approaching? The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of supplicants, have all appeared vain and empty things.

We then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabrick of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

Death, says *Seneca*, falls heavy upon him, who
is

too much known to others, and too little to himself.

He cannot be properly chosen for a friend, whose kindness is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the first blast of slander; he cannot be a useful counsellor, who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence, whose principal maxim is to suspect; nor can the candour and frankness of that man be much esteemed, who spreads his arms to human kind, and makes every man without distinction a denizen of his bosom.

One of the Golden Precepts of *Pythagoras* directs us—"That a friend should not be hated for little faults."

Among the pleasing incidents of life may be numbered the unexpected renewals of old acquaintances.

Many seeming faults are to be imputed to the nature of the undertaking, rather than the negligence of the performer.

As with folly no man is willing to confess himself very intimately acquainted, therefore its pains and pleasures are kept secret.

SWIFT, SHAKESPEAR, JOHNSON, &c.

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AGATHOCLES and CALISTA.

CALISTA was young and beautiful, endowed with a great share of wit and solid sense. Agathocles, whose age very little exceeded her's, was well made, brave and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced to Calista's : where his looks, wandering indifferently over a numerous circle, soon distinguished and fixed upon her.

But recovering from the short extacy occasioned by the first sight, he immediately reproached himself, as being guilty of rudeness to the rest of the company ; a fault which he had endeavoured to correct, by looking round on other objects. Vain attempts ! they were attracted by a powerful charm, and turned again towards Calista. He blushed as well as she, while a sweet emotion, till then unfelt, produced a kind of fluttering in his heart, and confusion in his countenance.

They both became at the same time, more timid, and more curious. He was pleased with gazing at Calista ; which he could not do without trembling : whilst Calista, secretly satisfied with this flattering preference, cast her eyes on him by stealth. They were both under an apprehension, but especially Calista, of being caught by the other in the fact ; and yet caught they were almost every moment.

The hour of separation came, which to them appeared too sudden : melancholy were the reflections they made on the rapidity of time. Imagination, however, did not permit them to be
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entirely

entirely absent from each other : for the image of Calista was deeply engraved on the mind of Agathocles : and his features were as strongly impressed on that of Calista. They both appeared less cheerful, the rest of the day. A lively sentiment, which they did not well comprehend themselves, entirely employed their minds, in spite of every attempt to divert themselves.

Two days passed without seeing one another again : and, tho' this interval of time had been filled up either by business or recreations ; yet they both, notwithstanding, experienced a weariness and dissatisfaction in their minds, for which they could no way account. But the moment, which brought them together again, explained it to them : the perfect contentment they felt in each other's company, made them sensible of the real source of their melancholy.

Agathocles took more courage that day : he addressed Calista in a most obliging manner, and had the happiness to converse with her for the first time. As yet he had seen only her outward charms ; but now he discovered the beauty of her mind, the integrity of her heart, the dignity of her sentiments, and the delicacy of her wit ; but what charmed him the most, was the opinion he conceived that she did not judge him unworthy of her esteem.

From this time he made her frequent visits, in every one of which he discovered some new perfection in the fair Calista. This is the characteristic of true merit ; it gains by being exposed to the eye of a judicious person. A man of sense will

will soon dislike a coquette, a fool, or a giddy woman : but if he falls in love with a woman of merit, time, far from weakening, will only strengthen and augment his passion.

The fixed inclination of Agathocles convinced him now that what he felt for Calista, was love, and that of the most tender nature. This he knew ; but Calista did not as yet know it, or at least had not learnt it from his lips. Love is timorous and diffident. A bold suitor is not the real lover of the lady whom he addresses : he seeks for nothing but pleasure. Agathocles at last resolved to open his heart to Calista ; but he did not do it in the affected language of a romantic passion. " Lovely Calista, said he ingenuously, it is not mere esteem that binds me to you, but a most passionate and tender love. I feel that I cannot live without you : can you without violence to your inclinations, consent to make me happy ? I may love you without offence ; 'tis a tribute due to your merit : but may I flatter myself with the hopes of some small return ? "

A coquette would have affected to be displeased at such a declaration. But Calista not only listened to her lover without interrupting him, but answered him without ill-nature, and gave him leave to hope. Nor did she put his constancy to a tedious trial : the happiness for which he sighed was no longer delayed than was necessary to prepare the ceremony. The marriage settlements were easily regulated betwixt the parties ; for interest was out of the question : the chief article consisted in the mutual exchange of hearts ; which was already fulfilled. What

What will be the lot of this new-married couple ? The happiest, I may venture to foretel, that mortals can enjoy upon earth. No pleasures are comparable to those that affect the heart ; and there are none, as I have observed before, that affect it with such exquisite delight, as loving and being beloved. To this tender union we can never apply the words of Democratus, that *the pleasure of love is but a short epilepsy*. He meant, without doubt, that mere sensual pleasure, which has so little in it of the nature of love, that a man may enjoy it without loving, and love without ever enjoying it.

They will be constant in their love. This I dare also to predict ; and I know the reason. Their affection is not founded on the dazzling charms of beauty ; they are both the friends of virtue ; they love each other on this account ; they will, therefore, continue to love, as long as they are virtuous ; and their union itself is a pledge of their perseverance : for nothing so much secures our continuance in the paths of virtue, as to have perpetually before our eyes the example of a person whom we love.

Nothing is capable to disturb their happiness, but those disasters and misfortunes, from which their love cannot shelter them. But, supposing such a reverse of fortune, would not their fate in this regard be common with that of the rest of mankind ? Those who have never tasted the pleasures of love, are not exempt from the like casualties ; and the lover is, at least, a gainer in regard to those pleasures, which constitute no small part of the happiness of life. Besides

Besides, even love itself will greatly diminish the sense of their misfortunes. For love has the peculiar property of alleviating the sufferings of two fond hearts, and of rendering their pleasures more exquisite. By this communication of distress, they seem to divide its weight : and, on the contrary, by participation their satisfaction is doubled. As a squadron of horse is with greater difficulty broke thro' by the enemy, in proportion to its closeness : so the happy pair resists the attacks of adversity with so much the more strength and success, as they are more closely united.

ANON.

C H A P. XIII.

Story of LA ROCHE.

MIRROR, No. 42, 43, 44.

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterward induced to remain there, from having found, in his retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement, highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

2. Perhaps in the structure of such a mind, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom

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known

known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigations. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

3. One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived at the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn, where they lodged, feared would prove mortal: That she had been sent for, as having some knowledge of medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much affected by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.

4. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat and he followed his gouvernante to the sick man's apartment. It was the best in the little

inn

inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Our philosopher was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.

5. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man whom he came to visit ; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown ; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. The philosopher and his house-keeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.

6. Mademoiselle ! said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow ; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment and changed its expression. It was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly.

7. It was not a time for words ; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante ; "if he could possibly be moved any where." "If he could be moved to our house," said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a great room unoccupied next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly.

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8. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, tho' he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped the daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

9. By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant and clergyman of Switzerland, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed; and was now returning home, after an ineffectual journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

10. He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, who are called devout, sometimes indulge. The philosopher, tho' he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter, in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.

11. The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master," said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a christian; but he is the

the best of unbelievers."—Not a christian! exclaimed Mademoiselle *La Roche*, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a christian."

12. "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence there are opposers of christianity among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation." "But this philosopher" said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a christian before he dies."

13. She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord—He took her hand with an air of kindness—She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground and left the room. "I have been thanking God," said the good *La Roche*, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord. "I should not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped the philosopher's hand); but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with

with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."

14. "You say right, my dear Sir," replied the Philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I was never in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure."

15. *La Roche's* eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings—hatred never dwelt with them.

16. They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man.

17. His

17. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy and religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness and without the least show of dogmatism.

18. On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishments of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy, in being the friend of *Mademoiselle La Roche*, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

19. After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of those valleys in the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the woods that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which

which appeared the spire of *La Roche's* church, rising above a clump of beeches.

20. The philosopher enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

21. They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche's* parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of friendship. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. "It has pleased God;" said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

22. It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who came to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the

the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us; if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books which may afford you some entertainment within.

23. "By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions." "She is our organist," said *La Roche*; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism, and I have a small organ, fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other, and they walked into the room together.

24. At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. The philosopher was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected.

25. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just; of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused;—it ceased;—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle was heard in its stead.

26. Her

26. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to prayer. He was discomposed at first and his voice faltered as he spoke, but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

27. *La Roche's* religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse did not therefore lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the feelings of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father who art in heaven!" might the good old man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

28. "You regret, my friend," said he to the philosopher, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the

same

same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, that I feel it heightens them all."

29. "The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing which I possess; and when calamities overtake me, and I have had my share, it confers such a dignity on my affliction, and so lifts me above the world. Man, I know is but a worm, yet methinks I am then allied to God!" It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to cloud, even with a doubt, the sunshine of his belief.

30. His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinged with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With *La Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar.

31. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on.

32. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which the philosopher, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country.

country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects.

33. Our philosopher asked many questions, as to their natural history and productions. *La Roche* observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which, said he, naturally leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid,—“They are not seen in Flanders!” said Madame, with a sigh. “That is an odd remark,” said the philosopher, smiling.—She blushed and he enquired no farther.*

34. It was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correspondence: and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he would travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

35. About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach too, conveyed

* The philosopher was a resident in Flanders and a skeptic. This reproof of his infidelity is inimitably delicate. In short this whole story is a beautiful satire on deism, bigotry and metaphysical theology, while it paints unaffected virtue, benevolence and piety in the most engaging colours.

conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either of them for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often answered as well as the former.

36. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of the Philosopher's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices, and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most noble dispositions and respectable character.

37. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands and see them happy before he died.

38. Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event ; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle *La Roche's* marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he ever was a lover of the Lady ; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on his visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

39. On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress ; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide however, was well acquainted with the road and he found himself in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche's* dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house ; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake and at last he saw it glimmering through the trees and stop at some distance from the place where he then was.

40. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene ; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceeded from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who like him, seemed to have

have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

41. On the philosopher's making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir! you never beheld a lovlier." *La Roche!*" exclaimed he in reply—"Alas it was she indeed!" The appearance of grief and surprise which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.

42. He came up close to the philosopher—"I preceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle *La Roche*." "Acquainted with her! Good God! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father." "She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to be married, was killed in a duel by a French Officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours."

43. "Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is his custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

44. The Church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices to that being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and revere. *La Roche* sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed

closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him, threw its light strongly on his head and marked the shadowy lines of his age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

45. The music ceased,—*La Roche* sat for a moment and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. The philosopher was not less affected than they. *La Roche* arose. “Father of mercies”! said he, “forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends! it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, “Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.” When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. It is only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in the manner which becomes a man.”

46. “Human wisdom is here of little use; for in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh) I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore, may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you;

to

to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.”

47. “ You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years ! Such a child too ! it becomes not me to speak of her virtues ; yet it is but grateful to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy ; ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then, you will judge of my afflictions now. But I look towards him who struck me ; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.”

48. “ Oh ! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict ! For we are not as those who die without hope ; we know that our redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness as endless as it is perfect.”

49. “ Go then, mourn not for me ; I have not lost my child : but a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children : Would ye that I should not grieve without comfort ? So live as she lived ; that when your death shall come, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.”

50. Such

50. Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience answered it with tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness and assumed the glow of faith and hope. The philosopher followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; the scenes, they had last met in, rushed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms around his neck and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed.

51. The curtains of the organ were open; *La Roche* started back at the sight.—“Oh my friend,” said he and his tears burst forth again. The philosopher had now recollected himself; he stepped forward and drew the curtain close—the old man wiped off his tears and taking his friend by the hand, “You see my weakness,” and he, “’tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.” “I heard you,” said the other, “in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.” “It is my friend,” said he, “and I trust I shall ever hold it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness let them not take away the solace of our affliction.”

52. The philosopher’s heart was smitten: and I have heard him, long after, confess, that these were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasure

pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he called to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche* and wished that he had never doubted.

C H A P. XIV.

Story of Sir EDWARD and LOUISA.

MIRROR, No. 108, 109.

IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it, either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgement, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it would sometimes be worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

2. *Sir Edward*, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune.

His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

3. He had been abroad at an early period of life,

life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expenses; and though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence, than of irregularity.

4. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was unfortunately seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir *Edward* to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

5. Descending into one of their valleys of Piedmont, where notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir *Edward*, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir *Edward* was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled

bled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of *Sir Edward* brought up their master in the condition I have described.

6. The compassion, natural to his situation, was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was *Venoni*, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored *Sir Edward* to sense and life.

7. *Venoni* possessed some little skill in surgery and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. *Sir Edward*, after being blooded, was put to bed and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated: and in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of *Venoni* and his daughter.

8. He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a Lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in *Venoni's* cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night after her birth.

9. "When her mother died," said he, "the Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she was taught many things of which there is no need

need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life."

10. But Sir *Edward* had now an opportunity of knowing *Louisa* better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir *Edward* had studied with success. *Louisa* felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir *Edward*; and the family concerts of *Venoni* were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of *Venoni* excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir *Edward's* violin was finer than either.

11. But his conversation with *Louisa*—It was that of a superior order of beings! science, taste, sentiment! it was long since *Louisa* had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir *Edward*, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance there was always an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

12. *Louisa's* was no less captivating and Sir *Edward* had not beheld it so long without emotion. During his illness, he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it.

it, from the thought of her situation and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and of consequence increased, his passion.

13. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir *Edward* allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as base and unworthy; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners which he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of *Louisa*: at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude or the restraints of virtue.

14. *Louisa*, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir *Edward* an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. "That," said she, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone and in low spirits. I know not how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad."

15. Sir *Edward* pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as wrongly, as a sense of duty and the mildness of her nature would allow; but *Venoni* was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts

thoughts of it. "To marry where one cannot love,—to marry such a man, Sir *Edward*!" It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir *Edward* pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded by swearing that he adored her.

16. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir *Edward* improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificance of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and in fine, urged her going off with him to crown both their days with happiness. *Louisa* started at the proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

17. They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as *Louisa* had represented him; coarse, vulgar and ignorant. But *Venoni*, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week, farthest.

18. Next morning *Louisa* was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir *Edward* was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go with *Venoni*; but before his departure, he

up his violin and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by *Louisa*.

19. In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them and had already begun its accustomed song. *Louisa* sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand.

20. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. *Louisa* rose from the ground and burst into tears! She turned, and beheld Sir *Edward*. His countenance had much of its former langour; and when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look and seemed unable to speak his feelings.

21. "Are you not well Sir *Edward*?" said *Louisa*, with a voice faint and broken. "I am ill indeed" said he, "but my illness is of the mind. *Louisa* cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactor—but I will make a severe expiation."

22. "This moment I leave you, *Louisa*! I go to be wretched; but you may be happy; happy in your duty to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility. I

go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusements; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with *Louisa*."

23. Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir *Edward*'s servants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of *Louisa*, he fastened it round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. "This," said he, "if *Louisa* will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it perhaps after the original is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love and ceased to be wretched."

24. *Louisa* was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly, it was crossed with a crimson blush. "Oh! Sir *Edward*!" said she, "what—what would you have me do!" He eagerly seized her hand and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate *Venoni*.

25. The virtue of *Louisa* was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention, which he paid her, during a hurried journey to England, could

allay

allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir *Edward* felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed; it was still subject to remorse, to compassion and to love.

26. These emotions perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and upbraiding sorrows of *Louisa* nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words; sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

27. On their arrival in England, Sir *Edward* carried *Louisa* to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir *Edward* to blazen with equipage, and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and, to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

28. These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father; a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir *Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Venoni*. He meant to make some atonement

ment for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest, is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose.

29. He learned that *Venoni*, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and as his neighbours had reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir *Edward's* whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London in hopes that objects new to her and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

30. With a man possessed of feelings like Sir *Edward's*, the affliction of *Louisa* gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt which she now considered, as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

31. In London Sir *Edward* found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common
people

people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety.

32. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir *Edward* had formed of the reception which his country and his friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous and their knowledge, shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships.

33. In the society of *Louisa* he found sensibility and truth; hers was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare: she saw the return of virtue in Sir *Edward*, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assumed a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle of her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; the colour faded in her cheek, the lustre of her eyes grew dim.

34. Sir *Edward* saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure, which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved
and

and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

35. One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with *Louisa*, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a *band-organ* of a remarkable sweet tone, was heard in the street; *Louisa* laid aside her lute and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country, and a few tears which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir *Edward* ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly and seated at the door of the apartment.

36. He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which *Louisa* had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind. *Louisa* started from her seat and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered and black patch. It was her father! she would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

37. Sir *Edward* stood fixed in astonishment and

and confusion.—“ I come not to upbraid you,” said *Venoni*; “ I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir *Edward*, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs and our cheerfulness; you were distressed and we pitied you.”

38. “ Since that day the pipe has never been heard in *Venoni*’s fields; grief and sickness have brought him almost to the grave; and his neighbours who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet methinks though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy;—else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?”

39. “ But she shall shed no more,” cried Sir *Edward*; “ you shall be happy and I will be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries I have done you; forgive me, my *Louisa*, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts amidst affected purity, they are slaves to pleasure, without the sincerity of passion and with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue.”

40. “ You may *Louisa*! but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your

your future esteem—Continue to love your *Edward*; but a few hours and you shall add to the *title*, to the *affections* of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will leave for a while the wonder and envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without alloy, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the Cottage of *Venoni*!"

C H A P. XV.

EMILIUS, or Domestic Happiness.

THE government of a family depends on such various and opposite principles, that it is a matter of extreme delicacy. Perhaps there is no situation in life in which it is so difficult to behave with propriety, as in the contest between *parental authority* and *parental love*. This is undoubtedly the reason why we see so few happy families. Few parents are both loved and respected, because most of them are either the dupes or the tyrants of their children.

2. Some parents, either from a natural weakness of mind, or an excess of fondness, permit and even encourage their children in a thousand little familiarities, which render them ridiculous and by diminishing the respect which is due to their age and station, destroy all their authority. Others, ruled by a partial and blind affection, which

which can deny nothing to its object, indulge their children in all their romantic wishes, however trifling and foolish ; however degrading to their dignity or injurious to their welfare. Others, soured by misfortunes, or grown pceevish and jealous by the loss of youthful pleasures, and an acquaintance with the deceit and the folly of the world, attempt to restrain the ideas and the enjoyments of youth by the rigid maxims of age.

3. The children of the first class often offend by silly manners and a kind of good-natured disrespect. Those of the second, are generally proud, whimsical and vitious. Those of the third, if they are subdued, when young, by the rigour of parental discipline, forever remain morose illiberal and unsociable ; or if, as it commonly happens, they find means to escape from restraint, they abandon themselves to every species of licentiousness. To parents of these descriptions may be added another class, whose fondness blinds their eyes to the most glaring vices of their children ; or invents such palliations as to prevent the most salutary corrections.

4. The taste for amusements in young people is, of all others, the most difficult to regulate by the maxims of prudence. In this article, parents are apt to err, either by extreme indulgence on one hand or immoderate rigour on the other. Recollecting the feelings of their youth, they give unbounded licence to the inclinations of their children ; or having lost all relish for amusements, they refuse to gratify their most moderate desires.

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5. It is a maxim which universally holds true, that the best method of guarding youth from *criminal* pleasures, is to indulge them freely in those that are *innocent*. A person who has free access to reputable society, will have little inclination to frequent that which is vitious. But those, who are kept under constant restraint, who are seldom indulged in amusements, who are perpetually awed by the frowns of a parent, or soured by a disappointment of their most harmless wishes, will at times break over all bounds to gratify their taste for pleasure, and will not be anxious to discriminate between the innocent and the criminal.

6. Nothing contributes more to keep youth within the limits of decorum, than to have their superiors mingle in their company, at proper times, and participate of their amusements. This condescension flatters their pride; at the same time, that respect for age, which no familiarities can wholly efface, naturally checks the extravagant sallies of mirth, and the indelicate rudenesses which young people are apt to indulge in their jovial hours.

7. That awful distance at which some parents keep their children, and their abhorrence of all juvenile diversions, which compel youth to sacrifice their most innocent desires, or veil the gratification of them with the most anxious secrecy, have as direct a tendency to drive young persons into a profligate life, as the force of vitious examples. It is impossible to give, to the age of *twenty*, the feelings or the knowledge of *sixty*

as it would be folly to wish to clothe a child with grey hairs, or to stamp the fading aspect of autumn on the bloom of May. Nature has given to every age some peculiar passions and appetites ; to moderate and refine these, not to stifle and destroy, is the business of common prudence and parental care.

8. I was led into this train of reflections by an acquaintance with the family of Emilius, which is a rare instance of domestic felicity. Parents indulgent to their children, hospitable to their friends and universally respected ; their sons equally generous, modest and manly ; Emilia, an only daughter, the pride of her parents, possessed of every accomplishment that can honour herself, or endear her to her friends ; an easy fortune and a disposition to enjoy and improve it to the purposes of humanity ; perfect harmony in domestic life and unaffected satisfaction in the pleasures of society : Such is the family of Emilius.

9. Such a family is a little paradise on earth ; to envy their happiness is almost a virtue. Conjugal respect, parental tenderness, filial obedience and brotherly kindness are so seldom united, in a family, that when I am honoured with the friendship of such, I am equally ambitious to participate in their happiness and profit by the example.

10. Emilia's situation must be peculiarly agreeable. Her parents delight to gratify her in every amusement ; and contented with this, she knows no wish beyond the sacred bounds of honour. While, by their indulgence, she enjoys every rational pleasure, she rewards their generous care,

care, by a dutiful behaviour and unblemished manners.

11. By thus discharging the reciprocal duties of their respective stations, the happiness of each is secured. The solicitude of the parent and the obedience of the child, equally contribute to the bliss of the little society; the one calling forth every act of tenderness, and the other displayed in all the filial virtues.

12. Few families are destined to be so happy as that of Emilius. Were I to choose the situation where I could pass my life with most satisfaction, it would be in this domestic circle. My house would then be the residence of delight, unmingled with the anxieties of ambition or the regret of disappointment. Every act would be dictated by love and respect; every countenance would wear the smile of complacency; and the little unavoidable troubles, incident to the happiest situation, would only serve to increase our friendship and improve our felicity, by making room for the exercise of virtue.

C H A P. XVI.

EMILIA, or the Happiness of Retirement.

AS I was conversing with Emilia, a few days past, I asked her whether she was contented to live so remote from the resort of company. She answered in the affirmative, and remarked further, that her situation enabled her to distinguish between *real* friends and *complimentary*

for if she lived in a more public place, she might be visited by crouds of people, who were civil indeed, but had no motive for calling on them, but to spend an idle hour and gaze at the busy multitude.

2. I was pleased with the remark, and was naturally led to consider such a retired situation as a fortunate circumstance for a young Lady of delicacy. Not only the happiness of a family, but the character of young women, both in a moral and social view, depends on a choice of proper company. But this is not all. The frequency of company, especially if it furnishes a variety of new objects, has a pernicious effect on the dispositions of female minds.

3. Women are destined by nature to preside over domestic affairs. Whatever parade they may make abroad, their *real* merit and *real* characters are known only at home. The behaviour of servants, the neatness of furniture, the order of a table and the regularity of domestic business, are the decisive evidences of female worth. Perhaps sweetness of temper does not contribute more to the happiness of their partners and their families, than a proper attention to these articles.

4. For this reason, whatever has a tendency to divert the mind from these concerns and give them a turn for empty show, endless noise, and tasteless amusements, ought to be carefully avoided by young Ladies, who wish for respect beyond the present moment. Misses, who are perpetually surrounded with idle company, or even live in sight of it, though they may be fortunate enough to preserve their innocence, are still in

hazard of contracting such a fondness for dissipation and folly, as to unfit them for the superintendence of a family.

5. Such women, if they ever marry, must be unhappy themselves, or render their families so. To indulge their former taste for pleasure, they must necessarily neglect the duties of their station, and leave their families without a mistress; or if they attempt to discharge those duties, it must be at the expense of their prevailing desires—a sacrifice that must produce at least a temporary disquietude in their own minds.

6. Another danger to which young women, possessed of personal charms, are exposed in public places, is the flattery and admiration of men. The good opinion of a fop will hardly flatter a woman of discernment; much less their ordinary compliments which are commonly without meaning. But the heart is often so disguised, that it is difficult at first to distinguish between a coxcomb and man of worth; or if it is easy for an accurate observer, yet there is great danger that vanity and inexperience will make young Ladies overlook the distinction.

7. Few minds are effectually secured against the attacks of flattery. It is a poison the more fatal, as it seizes human nature in its weakest part. In youth, when the passions are in full vigour and the judgement feeble, female minds are peculiarly liable to be corrupted by the contagious influence of pretty civilities and affected admiration.

8. With whatever scruples they may at first
listen

listen to the praises that are bestowed on their real or pretended charms, a constant strain of flattering addresses, accompanied with obsequious complaisance, seldom fails of giving them too high an opinion of themselves. They are insensibly led to believe that they are possessed of virtues to which they are really strangers. This belief satisfies them without attempting any further improvement, and makes them to depend, for reputation in life, on good qualities, the fancied existence of which begins and ends with the falsehood of customary compliments.

9. Such Ladies, before marriage, are usually vain, pert, affected and silly; and after marriage, haughty disappointed and peevish. The most perfect beauty must fade, and cease to command admiration; but in most instances, the nuptial hour puts a period to that excess of flattering attention, which is the happiness of giddy females. The longest term of admiration must be short; that which depends solely on personal attractions, is often momentary.

10. The more flattery is bestowed upon young Ladies, the less, in general, are they solicitous to acquire virtues which shall ensure respect when admiration shall cease. The more they are praised in youth, the more they expect it in advanced life, when they have less charms to command it. Thus the excessive complaisance of admirers, which is extremely pleasing at *sixteen*, proves at *forty*, a source of mortification and discontent.

11. I would by no means insinuate that young Ladies ought to be kept total strangers to company

pany and to rational professions of esteem. It is in company only that they can acquaint themselves with mankind, acquire an easy address, and learn numberless little decorums which are essential and cannot be taught by precept. Without these, a woman will sometimes deviate from that dignity and propriety of conduct, which, in any situation will secure the good-will of her friends, and prevent the blushes of her husband.

12. A fondness for company and amusement is blameable only when it is indulged to excess, and permitted to absorb more important concerns. Nor is some degree of flattery always dangerous or useless. The good opinion of mankind we are all desirous to obtain; and to know that we possess it, often makes us ambitious to deserve it.

No passion is given to us in vain; the best ends are sometimes effected by the worst means; and even female vanity, properly managed, may prompt to the most meritorious actions.

13. I should pay Emilia but a very ill compliment to ascribe her virtues to her local situation; for no person can claim as a virtue what she has been in no danger of losing. But there is no retirement beyond the reach of temptation, and the whole tenor of her conduct proves that her unblemished morals and uniform delicacy proceed from better principles than necessity or accident.

14. She is loved and flattered, but she is not vain; her company is universally coveted, and yet she has no airs of haughtiness and disdain. Her cheerfulness in company shows that she has
a relish

a relish for society; her contentment at home and attention to domestic concerns, are early specimens of her happy disposition; and her decent unaffected abhorrence of every species of licentious behaviour, evinces, beyond suspicion, that the innocence of her heart is equal to the charms of her person.

C H A P. XVII.

Character of JULIANA.

JULIANA is one of those rare women whose personal attractions have no rivals, but the sweetness of her temper and the delicacy of her sentiments. An elegant person, regular features, a fine complexion, a lively expressive countenance, an easy address, and those blushes of modesty that soften the soul of the beholder; these are her native beauties, which render her the object of universal admiration. But when we converse with her, and hear the melting expressions of unaffected sensibility and virtue that flow from her tongue, her personal charms receive new lustre, and irresistibly engage the affections of her acquaintances.

2. Sensible that the great source of all happiness, is purity of morals and an easy conscience, Juliana pays constant and sincere attention to the duties of religion. She abhors the infamous, but fashionable vice of deriding the sacred institutions of religion. She considers a Lady without virtue as a monster on earth; and every accomplishment.

plishment, without morals, as polite deception. She is neither a hypocrite nor an enthusiast ; on the contrary, she mingles such cheerfulness with the religious duties of life, that even her piety carries with it a charm, which insensibly allures the profligate from the arms of vice.

3. Not only the general tenor of her life, but in particular her behaviour at church, evinces the reality of her religion. She esteems it not only criminal in a high degree, but extremely unpolite, to behave with levity in a place consecrated to the solemn purposes of devotion. She cannot believe that any person, who is solicitous to treat all mankind with civility, can laugh in the temple of Jehovah and treat her great benefactor with heedless neglect.

4. In polite life, the manners of Juliana are peculiarly engaging. To her superiors, she shows the utmost deference and respect ; to her equals, the most modest complaisance and civility ; while her inferiors of every rank, experience her kindness and affability. By this conduct she secures the love and friendship of all degrees. No person can despise her, for she does nothing that is ridiculous ; she cannot be hated, for she does injury to none ; and even the malevolent whispers of envy are silenced by her modest deportment and generous condescension.

5. Her conversation is lively and sentimental ; free from false wit, frivolous minuteness, and affectation of learning. Although her discourse is always under the direction of prudence, yet it appears unstudied ; for her good sense always
furnishes

furnishes her with thoughts suited to the subject, and the purity of her mind renders any caution in expressing them almost unnecessary. She will not lead the conversation; much less can she stun the ears of company with perpetual chat or interrupt the discourse of others. But when occasion offers, she acquits herself with ease and grace; without the airs of pertness or the confusion of bashfulness.

6. But if the conversation happens to turn upon the foibles of either sex, Juliana discovers her goodness by her silence or by inventing palliations. She detests every species of slander. She is sensible that to publish and aggravate human errors, is not the way to correct them; and reformation, rather than infamy, is the wish and the study of her life. Her own amiable example is the severest of all satires upon the faults and the follies of her sex, and goes farther in discountenancing both, than all the censures of malicious detraction.

7. Altho' Juliana possesses every accomplishment that can command esteem and admiration; yet she has neither vanity nor ostentation. Her merit is easily discovered without show and parade. She considers, that haughtiness and contempt of others, always proceed from meanness; that true greatness is ever accessible; and that self recommendation and blustering pretensions, are but the glittering decorations of empty heads and trifling hearts.

8. However strong may be her desire of useful information or however lively her curiosity,

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ty, yet she restrains these passions within the bounds of prudence and good breeding. She deems it impertinent to the highest degree, to be prying into the concerns of other people ; much more impertinent and criminal does she deem it, to indulge an officious inquisitiveness, for the sake of gratifying private spleen in the propagation of unfavourable truths. So exceedingly delicate is she in her treatment of her fellow creatures, that she will not read a paper or hear a whisper, which a person does not wish to have known, even when she is in no danger of detection.

9. The same delicate attention to the feelings of others regulates her conduct in company. She would not, for the price of her reputation, be found laughing or whispering with one in the company. All nods, grimaces, sly looks and half speeches, the cause of which is not known, are carefully avoided by her and reprobated as the height of ill breeding and the grossest insult to the company. Whenever this happens between two persons, the rest of the company have a just right to consider themselves the object of their ridicule. But it is a maxim of Juliana, that such conduct is a breach of politeness, which, no oddities or mistakes that happen in public company, can excuse or palliate.

10. It is very common for persons, who are destitute of certain accomplishments which they admire in other people, to endeavour to imitate them. This is the source of affectation, a fault that infallibly exposes a person to ridicule. But
the

the ornaments of the heart, the dress and the manners of Juliana, are equally easy and natural. She needs not to assume the *appearance* of good qualities which she possesses in *reality*; nature has given too many beauties to her person, to require the studied embellishments of fashion; and such are the ease and gracefulness of her behaviour, that any attempt to improve them would lessen the dignity of her manners.

11. She is equally a stranger to that supercilious importance which affects to despise the small, but necessary concerns of life; and that squeamish false delicacy which is wounded with every trifle. She will not neglect a servant in sickness because of the meanness of his employment; she will not abuse an animal for her own pleasure and amusement; nor will she go into fits at the distress of a favourite cat.

12 Her gentle soul is never disturbed with discontent, envy or resentment; those turbulent passions which so often destroy the peace of society as well as of individuals.

The native firmness and serenity of her mind forbid the intrusion of violent emotions; at the same time her heart, susceptible and kind, is the soft residence of every virtuous affection. She sustains the unavoidable shocks of adversity, with a calmness that indicates the superiority of her soul; and with the smile of joy or the tear of tenderness, she participates the pleasures or the sorrows of a friend.

13. But the discretion and generosity of Juliana, are particularly distinguished by the number
I and

and sincerity of her attachments. Her friendships are few, but they are all founded on the principles of benevolence and fidelity. Such confidence do her sincerity, her constancy and her faithfulness inspire, that her friends commit to her breast, their most private concerns, without reserve and without suspicion. It is her favourite maxim, that a necessity of exacting promises of secrecy, is a burlesque upon every pretension to friendship. Such is the character of the young, the amiable Juliana. If it is possible for her to find a man who knows her worth and has a disposition and virtues to reward it, the union of their hearts must secure that unmingled felicity in life, which is reserved for genuine love, a passion inspired by sensibility and improved by a perpetual intercourse of kind offices.

C H A P. XVIII.

FROM THE VISION OF COLUMBUS;
A Poem, not yet published.

BOOK I.

Columbus being conducted by the Angel from prison to the Mount of Vision (which is supposed to be in Spain) the Continent of America draws into view.

THE Seraph spoke; and now before them lay,
(The doors unbarr'd) a steep-ascending way,
That through disparting shades, arose on high,
Reach'd o'er the hills and lengthen'd up the sky,
Ope'd

Oped* a fair summit, graced with rising flowers,
 Sweet odours breathing through celestial bowers;
 O'er proud Hispanian spires, it looks sublime,
 Subjects the Alps and levels all the clime:
 Led by the power, the hero gain'd the height,
 A touch from heaven sublimed his mortal sight,
 And calm beneath them flow'd the western main,
 Far stretch'd, immense, a sky-encircled plain;
 No sail, no isle, no cloud invests the bound,
 Nor billowy surge disturbs the unvaried round;
 Till, deep in distant heavens, the sun's dim ray
 Topp'd unknown cliffs and call'd them up to day.
 Slow glimmering into sight, wide regions drew,
 And rose and brighten'd on the expanding view;
 Fair sweep the waves, the lessening ocean smiles,
 And breathes the fragrance of a thousand isles;
 Near and more near the long drawn coasts arise,
 Bays stretch their arms and mountains lift the skies,
 The lakes, unfolding, point the streams their way,
 The plains, the hills their lengthening skirts display,
 The vales draw forth, high walk the approaching
 And all the majesty of nature moves. [groves,

* It will be observed that I have not apostrophized the vowel *e* in such words as *oped*, *graced*, &c. The reason is, these words are but one syllable; for the termination *ed* never makes a syllable, except after *t* and *d*, as in *hated*, *proceeded*. In such words as *broken*, *given*, *e* ought not to be omitted, for the omission makes no difference in the sound, as they are usually pronounced.

In such words as *different*, *generous*, *e* ought to be pronounced; for they are words of three syllables and in all cases form a dactyl in English verse. I am told that these alterations are taking place in the modern British publications of verse, tho' I have seen none printed in this manner. They however appear to me to be supported by incontestible rules of propriety.

Description

Description of the principal rivers from the Delaware to St. Lawrence.

Vision of Columbus, Book 1.

NOW round the coast, where other floods invite,
 He fondly turn'd ; they fill'd his eager sight ;
 Here Delaware's waves the yielding shores invade,
 And here bold Hudson oped a glassy glade ;
 Thy parent stream, fair Hartford, met his eye,
 Far lessening upward to the northern sky,
 No watery gleams through happier vallies shine,
 Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine.
 Patuxet wanton'd round its bloomy isle,
 And gay Piscataway caught his passing smile ;
 Swift Kenebeck, descending from on high,
 Swept the tall hills and lengthen'd down the sky ;
 When, hoarse resounding through the gaping shore,
 He heard cold Lawrence' dreadful surges roar ;
 Though softening May had waked the vernal blade,
 And happier climes her fragrant garb display'd,
 Yet howling winter, in this bleak domain,
 Shook the wild waste and held his gloomy reign ;
 Still groans the flood, in frozen fetters bound,
 And isles of ice his threatening front surround,
 Clothed in white majesty, the foaming main
 Leads up the tide and tempts the wintery chain,
 Billows on billows lift the maddening brine,
 And seas and clouds in battling conflict join ;
 The dash'd wave struggling heaves in swelling
 Wide crash the portals of the frozen deep, [sweep,
 Till, forced aloft, high bounding in the air,
 Moves the blar ice and sheds a hideous glare,
 The torn foundations on the surface ride,
 And wrecks of winter load the downward tide.

Description

*Description of a storm on the Andes, the stupendous
mountains of South America.*

Vision of Columbus, Book 3.

HE spoke; they waited, till the ascending ray
High from the noon-tide, shot the faithless day;
When lo! far gathering round the eastern skies,
Solemn and slow, the dark-red vapours rise;
Full clouds, convolving on the turbed air,
Move, like an ocean, to the watery war.
The host, securely raised, no dangers harm,
They sit unclouded and o'erlook the storm;
While, far beneath, the sky-borne waters ride,
O'er the dark deep and up the mountain's side;
The lightning's glancing wings, in fury curl'd,
Bend their long, forky terrors o'er the world;
Torrents and broken craggs and floods of rain,
From steep to steep, roll down their force amain
In dreadful cataracts; the crashing sound
Fills the wide heavens and rocks the smouldering
[ground.

The blasts, unburden'd, take their upward course,
And o'er the mountain-top resume their force:
Swift thro' the long, white ridges from the north,
The rapid whirlwinds lead their terrors forth;
High rolls the storm, the circling surges rise,
And wild gyrations wheel the hovering skies;
Vast hills of snow, in sweeping columns driven,
Deluge the air and cloud the face of heaven;
Floods burst their chains, the rocks forget their
[place,
And the firm mountain trembles to its base.

*View of Cornwallis and the British army in York,
 Junction of the American armies before York.
 Naval action between De Grasse and Graves.*

Vision of Columbus, Book 6.

A GAIN Columbus cast his anxious eye
 Where the red standard waved along the sky,
 And graced with spoils of many a field of blood,
 The bold Cornwallis on a bulwark stood.
 O'er conquer'd provinces and towns in flame,
 He mark'd his recent monuments of fame ;
 High raised in air, his hands securely hold,
 With conscious pride, a sheet of cypher'd gold ;
 There in delusive haste, his skill had graved,
 A clime subdued, a flag in triumph waved ;
 A middle realm, by fairer figures known,
 Adorn'd with fruits, lay bounded for his own ;
 Fair up the centre, flows a midland sea,
 Full sails ascend and golden rivers stray ;
 Bright palaces arise, relieved in gold,
 And gates and streets the crossing lines unfold.
 O'er all the mimic scene, his fingers trace
 His future seat and glory of his race. [view'd,

While thus the enraptured chief his conquest
 And gazing thousands round the ramparts stood,
 Whom future ease and golden dreams employ,
 The songs of triumph and the feast of joy,
 Sudden great *Washington* arose in view,
 And union'd flags his stately steps pursue ;
 Blest Gallia's bands and fair Columbia's pride,
 Bend the long march and glitter at his side.

Now on the wave the warring fleets advance,
 And different ensigns o'er their pinions dance ;

From

From northern shores, great Albion's flag, unfurl'd,
 Waved proud defiance to the watery world ;
 While from the southern isles, a daring train,
 With Gallic banners, shades the billowy main:
 Here dread De Grasse, in awful splendor rode,
 And there proud Graves, a rival splendor showed.

The approaching sails, as far as eye can sweep,
 Look thro' the skies and shade the boundless deep;
 As, when the winds of heaven, from each far pole,
 Their adverse storms across the concave roll ;
 The fleecy vapours through the expansion run,
 Veil the blue vault and tremble o'er the sun,
 Till the dark folding wings together drive,
 And, ridged with fires and rock'd with thunders,
 So, bearing thro' the void, at first appear [strive;
 White clouds of canvass, floating on the air,
 Then frown the approaching fronts, the sails are
 [laid,

And the black decks extend a dreadful shade,
 While rolling flames and tides of smoke arise,
 And thundering cannons rock the seas and skies.

Where the long bursting fires, the cloud disclose,
 Hosts heave in sight and blood the decks o'erflows ;
 There, from the strife tost navies rise to view,
 Drive back to vengeance and the toil renew ;
 Here, shatter'd barks in squadrons move afar,
 Led thro' the smoke and struggling from the war;
 While hulls half-seen, beneath a gaping wave
 And plunging heroes fill the watery grave.

Now the dark smoky volumes roll'd away,
 And a long line ascended into day ;
 The pinions swell'd, Britannia's flag arose,
 And flew the vengeance of triumphing foes.

Hymn

*Hymn to Peace.**Vision of Columbus, Book 7.*

[abode

HAIL, sacred Peace, who claim'st thy bright
 Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God,
 Before his arm, around the shapeless earth,
 Stretch'd the wide heavens and gave to nature birth;
 Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
 Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue;
 Veil'd in the brightness of the Almighty's mind,
 In blest repose thy placid form reclined;
 Borne through the heavens, with his creating voice,
 Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,
 Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,
 Their joys to angels and to men their praise.

From scenes of blood, these beauteous shores
[that stain,
 From gasping friends that press the sanguine plain,
 From fields, long taught in vain thy flight to mourn,
 I rise, delightful Power, and greet thy glad return.
 Too long the groans of death and battle's bray
 Have rung discordant through the unpleasing lay;
 Let pity's tear its balmy fragrance shed,
 O'er heroes' wounds and patriot warriors dead:
 Accept, departed shades, these grateful sighs,
 Your fond attendants to the approving skies.
 But now the untuneful trump shall grate no more,
 Ye silver streams, no longer swell with gore;
 Bear from your beauteous banks the crimson stain,
 With yon retiring navies to the main;
 While other views unfolding on my eyes,
 And happier themes bid bolder numbers rise.

Bring,

Bring, bounteous Peace, in thy celestial throng,
 Life to my soul and rapture to my song;
 Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,
 The arts and virtues that attend thy sway;
 To see thy blissful charms, that here descend,
 Thro' distant realms and endless years extend.

C H A P. XIX.

From the CONQUEST of CANAAN.
 A Poem, not yet published.

*Selima replies to her Parents, who endeavour to
 dissuade her from excessive grief, and attempts to
 justify herself by the excellent character of Irad.*
 Book 9.

AH fire revered! the pleading maid returns—
 No common loss thy hapless daughter mourns:
 Search the wide world; can all her regions boast
 One youth so fair, so bright, so early lost?
 How age admired him! how all Israel loved!
 The world applauded! and the heavens approved!
 His form was all, the brightest thoughts can frame;
 His mind was all, the fondest wish can claim:
 Whate'er is great, or good, or soft, or fair,
 Refined, or lovely, fix'd its mansion there,
 Even he, whose hand the sacred sceptre bears,
 Is but an Irad of maturer years.
 It is, O'tis! as if, in yon fair clime,
 Some prince of angels, bright in glory's prime,
 Transcending every peer in worth supreme,
 M'ed with truth, and sunn'd with virtue's beam;

In youth's gay morn, in beauty's endless bloom,
 And life, superior to the potent tomb,
 Had clos'd his smiles, while heaven refused to save,
 And sunk his glories in the dreary grave.
 What tears, for such a loss, would seraphs shed !
 Tears, rich as their's, should mourn their rival
 [dead.]

And where, O where, shall poor Selima find
 One beam of light to cheer her drooping mind ?
 All sad I wander round the earth and skies ;
 But no soft solace meets my failing eyes.
 To friends I fly ; those weeping friends I see
 Sunk in the deep despair that buries me.
 For him, O kindest, tenderest mother ! rise
 Thy heart-felt anguish, and thy hopeless sighs,
 Thy tears, all gentle fire ! resistless shed,
 Approve my grief and weep the hero dead.
 No cheering hope your fondest love can give,
 Soothe your sad child, or make her Irad live ;
 Then bid me mourn ; this last relief bestow,
 And yield my bosom to the peace of woe.

Description of a storm of hail.

Book II.

LONGrush'd the victors o'er the sanguine field,
 And scarce were Gibeon's loftiest spires beheld ;
 When up the west dark clouds began to rise,
 Sail'd o'er the hills and lengthen'd round the skies ;
 A ridge of folding fire, their summits shone ;
 But fearful blackness all beneath was thrown ;
 Swift round the sun the spreading gloom was hurl'd,
 And night, and solitude amazed the world.

At

At once the voice of deep resounding gales
 Rung slow and solemn in the distant vales :
 Then thro' the groves, and o'er the extended plain,
 With stormy rage the rapid whirlwinds ran.
 Red o'er the glimmering hills, with pomp divine,
 The lightning's flaming path began to shine :
 Far round the immense, unusual thunders driven,
 Proclaim'd the onset of approaching heaven :
 Astonish'd nature own'd the strange alarm,
 And the world trembled at the impending storm.
 O'er the dark fields aghast Canaan stream'd ;
 Thick in their course the scatter'd bucklers gleam'd :
 Behind them Joshua urged the furious car,
 And tenfold horrors hover'd round the war.

But when the Chief the spreading storm survey'd,
 And traced almighty arms in heaven display'd ;
 With piercing voice he gave the great command,
 Stand still, ye chosen sons, admiring stand !
 Behold what awful scenes in heaven arise !
 Adore the Power, that brightens in the skies !
 Now God's tremendous arm asserts his laws ;
 Now bids his thunder aid the righteous cause ;
 Shows man, how virtue saves her chosen bands,
 And points the vengeance doom'd for guilty lands.
 Behold, what flames shoot forth ! what gloom

[ascends !

How nature trembles ! how the concave rends !
 How the clouds darken ! see in yonder sky,
 Their opening skirts proclaim the Almighty nigh !
 He spoke, and from the north, a rushing sound
 Roll'd thro' the heavens, and shook the embat-
 [tled ground,

Throned on a dark red cloud, an angel's form
 Sate, awfully sublime, above the storm.

Half

Half veil'd in mist, his countenance, like a sun,
 Inflamed the clouds, and thro' all ether shone :
 Long robes of crimson light behind him flow'd ;
 His wings were flames ; his locks were dy'd in
 [blood ;

Ten thousand firey shapes were round him driven,
 And all the dazzling pomp of opening heaven.

Now, save Canaan's cries, that feebly rung,
 Round the dark plain a fearful silence hung ;
 Stretch'd in dire terror o'er her quivering band,
 The ethereal Vision waved his sun-bright hand ;
 At once, from opening skies, red flames were
 hurl'd,

And thunders, roll'd on thunders, rock'd the world ;
 In one broad deluge sunk the avenging hail,
 And, piled with tempest roar'd the hoary vale ;
 Fierce raging whirlwinds boundless nature blend,
 The streams rush back ; the tottering mountains
 [bend ;

Down the tall steep their bursting summits roll,
 And cliffs, on cliffs, hoarse-crashing, rend the pole.
 Far round the earth, a wild, drear horror reigns ;
 The high heavens heave, & roar the gloomy plains ;
 One sea of lightning all the region fills,
 And waves of fire ride surging o'er the hills :
 The nodding forests plunge in flame around,
 And with huge caverns gapes the shuddering
 Swifter than rapid winds Canaan driven [ground.
 Refuse the conflict of embattled Heaven.

But the dire hail in vain the victims fly,
 And death unbounded shook from all the sky,
 The thunder's dark career, the seraph's arm,
 Fierce vengeance blazing down the immense of

[storm.
 From

From falling groves to burning plains they flew;
Hail roars around, and angry hosts pursue;
From shaking skies almighty arms are hurl'd,
And all the gloomy concave bursts upon the world.

Animated Remonstrance.

*Caleb, at the head of the Reubenites, &c. rallies
Judah, broken by the enemy, and recalls them to
the battle.*

Conquest of Canaan, Book 8.

[ent throng,
NOW tow'rd the fight approach'd the impati-
And wider pour'd the thickening dust along;
Loud, and more loud, victorious clamours grow,
And more distinguish'd breathe the sounds of woe;
Pale Judah's sons a yielding fight maintain,
And many a face looks backward o'er the plain;
When Caleb's mighty voice, in thunder driven,
Starts all the host, and rends the clouded heaven.
What dismal scenes—enraged the hero cries,
Convulse this heart, and pierce these bleeding eyes!
Shall Judah's race, my brethren, and my boast,
Flee, vanquish'd, driven before a heathen host?
Can men, can warriors own so black a part,
The best of chiefs, your Joshua to desert?
Say, with what pangs will heaven the wretches try,
That know no honour, and that feel no tie?
On yon bright plain, the conquering chief behold,
Troops wing'd before him, cars tumultuous roll'd,
With heaven's imperial sword the flight commands,
And drives fierce ruin o'er decreasing bands!

K.

Say,

Say, shall the man, who fights, who bleeds for all,
 See your base flight and perish in your fall?
 The chief, as angels kind, as angels true,
 Sinks in the doom he warded long from you.
 Fly then; but know a few short furlongs past,
 Yon camp, wild flames and savage herds shall

[waste;

Besmeared with streaming blood, your parents lie,
 And dash'd on stones, your gasping infants die;
 Your wives, betray'd by such base culprits, feel
 Abuse, more dreadful than the griding steel;
 No arm, no sword the falling nation save,
 But this dire evening ope our common grave.
 Can these dread scenes even dastards fail to arm?
 Spring from the trance, and burst the sleepy charm!
 Rise, rise like men; with shame, with vengeance

burn;

Wipe foul disgrace, and swift to fight return!
 And ye brave chiefs! that never knew to yield,
 Or turn a backward foot from glory's field,
 But, led by me, the van's bright honours claim,
 Smile at fair death, & shrink from torturing shame,
 Lift high the avenging sword, from pity free,
 And cleave the wretch that basely dares to flee.

C H A P. XX.

BURLESQUE.

The opening of the Town meeting.

M^r Fingal. Canto 2.

THE Sun, who never stops to dine,
 Two hours had pass'd the midway line,

And

And driving at his usual rate,
Lash'd on his downward car of state.

And now expired the short vacation,
And dinner done in epic fashion ;

While all the crew beneath the trees,
Eat pocket-pies, or bread and cheese ;

Nor shall we, like old Homer care
To verify their bill of fare.

For now each party, feasted well,
Throng'd in, like sheep at sound of bell,

With equal spirit took their places ;

And meeting oped with three O yesses :

When first the daring Whigs t' oppose,

Again the great M' Fingal rose,

Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,

And thus assumed the accusing strain.

“ Ye Whigs attend ; and hear affrighted

The crimes whereof ye stand indicted,

The sins and follies past all compass,

That prove you guilty or non compos.

I leave the verdict to your senses,

And jury of your consciences ;

Which tho' they're neither good nor true,

Must yet convict you and your crew.

Ungrateful sons ! a factious band,

That rise against your parent-land !

Ye viper'd race, that burst in strife,

The welcome womb that gave you life,

Tear with sharp fangs and forked tongue,

The indulgent bowels whence you sprung ;

And scorn the debt of obligation

You justly owe the British nation,

Which since you cannot pay, your crew

Affect to swear 'twas never due.

Did not the deeds of England's Primate
 First drive your fathers to this cmate,
 Whom jails and fines and every ill
 Forced to their good against their will?
 Ye owe to their obliging temper
 The peopling your newfangled empire,
 While every British act and cannon
 Stood forth you *causa sine qua non*.
 Did they not send you charters o'er
 And give you lands you own'd before,
 Permit you all to spill your blood
 And drive out heathen where you could;
 On these mild terms, that conquest won,
 The realm you gain'd should be their own?
 Or when of late attack'd by those,
 Whom her connections made your foes,
 Did they not then, distressed in war,
 Send Generals to your help from far,
 Whose aid you own'd in terms less haughty,
 And thankfully o'erpaid your quota?
 Say, at what period did they grudge,
 To send you Governor or Judge,
 With all their missionary crew,
 To teach you law and gospel too?
 Brought o'er all felons in the nation,
 To help you on in population;
 Propos'd their Bishops to surrender,
 And made their priests a legal tender,
 Who only ask'd, in surplice clad,
 The simple tithe of all you had:
 And now to keep all knaves in awe,
 Have sent their troops t' establish law,
 And with gunpowder, fire and ball,
 Reform your people one and all,

Yet when their insolence and pride
 Have anger'd all the world beside,
 When fear and want at once invade,
 Can you refuse to give them aid;
 And rather risque your heads in fight,
 Then gratefully throw in your mite?
 Can they for debts make satisfaction,
 Should they dispose their realm by auction;
 And sell off British goods and land all
 To France and Spain by inch of candle?
 Shall good king George, with want oppress'd,
 Insert his name in bankrupt list,
 And shut up shop like failing merchant,
 That fears the bailiffs should make search in't;
 With poverty shall princes strive,
 And nobles lack waereon to live?
 Have they not rack'd their whole inventions,
 To feed their brats on posts and pensions,
 Made even Scotch friends with taxes groan,
 And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone;
 Yet have on hand as well deserving,
 Ten thousand bastards left for starving?
 And can you now with conscience clear,
 Refuse them an asylum here,
 Or not maintain in manner fitting
 These genuine sons of mother Britain?
 T' evade these crimes of blackest grain,
 You prate of liberty in vain,
 And strive to hide your vile designs,
 With terms abstruse like school-divines,

K 2

Colonel Leslie's Expedition to Salem.

Canto 2.

YET thus tho' skill'd in victory's toils,
 They boast, not unexpert, in wiles :
 For gain'd they not an equal fame in
 The arts of secrecy and scheming ?
 In stratagems show'd mighty force,
 And moderniz'd the Trojan horse,
 Play'd o'er again those tricks Ulysses,
 In their famed Salem-expedition ?
 For as the horse, the Poets tell ye,
 Bore Grecian armies in his belly ;
 Till their full reckoning run, with joy
 Their Sinon midwifed them in Troy.
 So in our ship was Leslie bold
 Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold,
 Equipp'd for enterprize and sail,
 Like Jonas stow'd in womb of whale :
 To Marblehead in depth of night,
 The cautious vessel wing'd her flight.
 And now the Sabbath's silent day
 Call'd all your Yankies off to pray ;
 Removed each prying jealous neighbour,
 The scheme and vessel fell in labour ;
 Forth from its hollow womb pour'd hast'ly
 The Myrmidons of Col'nel Leslie :
 Not thicker o'er the blacken'd strand
 The * frogs' detachment rush'd to land,
 Equip'd by onset or surprise
 To storm the entrenchments of the mice.

Thro'

* See Homer's battle of the frogs and mice.

Thro' Salem strait, without delay,
 The bold battalion took its way,
 March'd o'er the bridge in open fight
 Of several Yankies arm'd for fight,
 Then without loss of time or men
 Veer'd round for Boston back again;
 And found so well their project thrive,
 That every soul got back alive.

Gasconade of M^r Fingal.

Canto 2.

BUT now your triumphs all are o'er;
 For see from Britain's angry shore
 With mighty hosts of valour join
 Her Howe, her Clinton and Burgoyne;
 As comets, through the affrighted skies
 Pour baleful ruin, as they rise;
 As Ætna with infernal roar
 In conflagration sweeps the shore;
 Or as Abijah White, when sent
 Our Marshfield friends to represent,
 Himself while dread array involves,
 Commissions, pistols, swords, resolves,
 In awful pomp descending down,
 Bore terror on the factious town:
 Not with less glory and affright,
 Parade these Generals forth to fight.
 No more each Regular Col'nel runs
 From whizzing beetles, as air-guns,
 Thinks hornbugs bullets, or thro' fears
 Muquetoës takes for Musqueteers;

No.

Nor 'scape, as tho' you'd gain'd allies
 From Beelzebub's whole host of flies
 No bug their warlike hearts appalls;
 They better know the sound of balls.
 I hear the din of battle bray,
 The trump of horror marks its way;
 I see afar the sack of cities,
 The gallows strung with Whig-committes;
 Your Moderators triced like vermine,
 And gate-posts graced with heads of Chairmen;
 Your Generals for wave-offerings hanging,
 And ladders throng'd with priests haranguing.
 What pillories glad the Tories' eyes
 With patriot-ears for sacrifice!
 What whipping posts your chosen race
 Admit successive in embrace,
 While each bears off his crimes, alack!
 Like Bunyan's pilgrim on his back!
 Where then, when Tories scarce get clear,
 Shall Whigs and Congresses appear?
 What rocks and mountains shall you call
 To wrap you over with their fall,
 And save your heads in these sad weathers,
 From fire and sword, and tar and feathers!
 For lo, with British troops tar-bright,
 Again our Nesbit heaves in sight!
 He comes, he comes, your lines to storm,
 And rigg your troops in uniform!
 To meet such heroes, will ye brag,
 With fury arm'd, and feather-bag;
 Who wield their missile pitch and tar,
 With engines new in British war?
 Lo, where our mighty navy brings
 Destruction on her canvas-wings.

While

While thro' the deeps her potent thunder
 Shall sound the alarm to rob and plunder!
 As Phœbus first, so Homer speaks,
 When he march'd out t' attack the Greeks,
 'Gainst mules sent forth his arrows fatal,
 And slew the auxiliaries, their cattle;
 So where our ships shall stretch their keel,
 What conquer'd oxen shall they steel!
 What heroes rising from the deep
 Invade your marshal'd hosts of sheep!
 Disperse whole troops of horse, and pressing
 Make cows surrender at discretion;
 Attack your hens like Alexanders,
 And regiments rout of geese and ganders;
 Or where united arms combine
 Lead captive many a herd of swine!
 Then rush in dreadful fury down
 To fire on every sea-port town;
 Display their glory and their wits,
 Fright unarm'd children into fits,
 And stoutly from the unequal fray,
 Make many a woman run away!

QUEEN MAB.

O THEN I see Queen Mab hath been with you,
 She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman;
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces of the smallest spiders web;

The

The collars of the moonshine's watery beams ;
 Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film ;
 Her waggoner a small gray-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-maker.
 And in this state she gallops, night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
 [love :

On courtiers' knees, that dream on courties' strait ;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who strait dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who strait on kisses dream ;
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she in a tithe-pig tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he wakes ;
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAP.

DIALOGUES.

Scene between CLARINDA and FRANKLY.

From the Suspicious Husband.

FRANK. I hope, Madam, you will excuse the boldness of this intrusion, since it is owing to your own behaviour that I am forced to it.

CLAR. To my behaviour, Sir!

FRANK. You cannot but remember me at Bath, Madam, where I so lately had the favour of your hand.

CLAR. I do remember, Sir, but I little expected a wrong interpretation of my behaviour from one who has so much the appearance of a gentleman.

FRANK. What I saw of your behaviour was so just, it would admit of no misrepresentation. I only feared, whatever reason you had to conceal your name from me at Bath, you might have the same reason to do it now; and though my happiness was so nearly concerned, I rather chose to venture thus abruptly after you, than be impertinently inquisitive.

CLAR. Sir, there seems to be so much civility in your rudeness, that I can easily forgive it; though I don't see how your happiness is at all concerned.

FRANK. No Madam; I believe you are the only Lady who could, with the qualifications you are mistress of, be insensible of the power they give you over the happiness of our sex.

CLAR.

CLAR. How vain should we women be, if you Gentlemen were but wise ! if you did not all of you say the same things to every woman, we should certainly be foolish enough to believe some of you were in earnest.

FRANK. Could you have the least sense of what I feel whilst I am speaking, you would know me to be in earnest, and what I say to be the dictates of a heart that admires you.

CLAR. Sir, this is carrying the matter too far.

FRANK. When I danced with you at Bath, I was charmed with your whole behaviour, and felt the same tender admiration ; but my hope of seeing you afterwards, kept in my passion, till a more proper time should offer. You cannot therefore blame me now, if, after having lost you once, I do not suffer an inexcuseable modesty to prevent my making use of a second opportunity.

CLAR. This behaviour, Sir, is so different from the gaiety of your conversation, then, that I am at a loss how to answer you.

FRANK. There is nothing, Madam, which could take off from the gaiety with which your presence inspires every heart, but the fear of losing you. How can I be otherwise than I am, when I know not but you may leave London as abruptly as you did Bath.

CLAR. Sir, the business which brings me to town, will keep me here some time.

FRANK. How generous is it in you thus to ease the heart that knew not how to ask for such a favour ! I fear to offend. But this house, I suppose is yours.

CLAR.

CLAR. You shall hear of me, if not find me here.

Scene between General SAVAGE and Miss WALSINGHAM ; in which the courtship is carried on in such an ambiguous manner, that the General mistakes her consent to marry his son, Capt. SAVAGE, for consent to marry himself.

School for Wives.

Miss WAL. **G**ENERAL Savage, your most humble servant.

Gen. SAV. My dear Miss Walsingham, it is rather cruel that you should be left at home by yourself, and yet I am greatly rejoiced to find you at present without company.

Miss WAL. I can't but think myself in the best company, when I have the honour of your conversation, General.

Gen. You flatter me too much, Madam ; yet I am come to talk to you on a serious affair ; an affair of importance to me and to yourself. Have you leisure to favour me with a short audience, if I beat a parley ?

Miss WAL. Any thing of importance to you, Sir, is always sufficient to command my leisure.

'Tis as the Captain suspected— [aside.]

Gen. You tremble, my lovely girl, but don't be alarmed ; for tho' my business is of an important nature, I hope it will not be of a disagreeable one.

Miss WAL. And yet I am greatly agitated—

L

[aside.]

Gen.

GEN. Soldiers, Miss Walsingham, are said to be generally favoured by the kind protection of the Ladies.

Miss WAL. The Ladies are not without gratitude, Sir, to those who devote their lives peculiarly to the service of their country.

GEN. Generously said, Madam: Then give me leave, without any masked battery, to ask, if the heart of an honest soldier is a prize at all worth your acceptance.

Miss WAL. Upon my word, Sir, there is no masked battery in this question.

GEN. I am as fond of a coup de main, Madam, in love as in war, and hate the tedious method of sapping a town, when there is a possibility of entering it sword in hand.

Miss WAL. Why really, Sir, a woman may as well know her own mind, when she is first summoned by the trumpet of a lover, as when she undergoes all the tiresome formality of a siege. You see I have caught your own mode of conversing, General.

GEN. And a very great compliment I consider it, Madam; But now that you have candidly confessed an acquaintance with your own mind, answer me with that frankness for which every body admires you so much. Have you any objections to change the name of Walsingham?

Miss WAL. Why then frankly, General, I say, no.

GEN. Ten thousand thanks to you for this kind declaration.

Miss WAL. I hope you wont think it a forward one.

GEN.

GEN. I'd sooner see my son run away in the day of battle—I'd sooner think Lord Russell was bribed by Lewis the 14th ; and sooner vilify the memory of Algernoon Sidney.

Miss WAL. How unjust it was ever to suppose the General a tyrannical father.

[*aside.*

GEN. You have told me condescendingly, Miss Walsingham, that you have no objection to change your name, I have but one question more to ask.

Miss WAL. Pray propose it, Sir.

GEN. Would the name of Savage be disagreeable to you ? Speak frankly again, my dear girl.

Miss WAL. Why then again I frankly say, no.

GEN. You are too good to me. Torrington thought I should meet with a repulse. [*aside.*

Miss WAL. Have you communicated this business to the Captain, Sir.

GEN. No, my dear Madam, I did not think that at all necessary. I propose that he shall be married in a few days.

Miss WAL. What whether I will or no ?

GEN. O you can have no objection ?

Miss WAL. I must be consulted, however, about the day, General ; but nothing in my power shall be wanted to make him happy.

GEN. Obliging loveliness !

Miss WAL. You may imagine, that if I had not been previously impress'd in favour of your proposal, it would not have met with my concurrence so readily.

GEN. Then you own I had a previous friend in the garrison.

Miss WAL

Miss WAL. I don't blush to acknowledge it Sir, when I consider the accomplishments of the object.

GEN. O this is too much, Madam; the principal merit of the object is his passion for Miss Walsingham.

Miss WAL. Don't say that General, I beg of you, for I don't think there are many women in the kingdom, who could behold him with indifference.

GEN. Ah, you flattering, flattering angel!—and yet, by the memory of Marlborough, my lovely girl, it was the idea of a prepossession on your part, which encouraged me to hope for a favourable reception.

Miss WAL. Then I must have been very indiscrete, for I laboured to conceal that prepossession as much as possible.

GEN. You could not conceal it from me: the female heart is a field I am thoroughly acquainted with.

Miss WAL. I doubt not your knowledge of the female heart, General; but as we now understand one another so perfectly, you will give me leave to retire.

GEN. One word my dear creature, and no more. I shall wait on you some time to day about the necessary settlements.

Miss WAL. You must do as you please, General, you are invincible in every thing.

GEN. And if you please we will keep every thing a profound secret, till the articles are all settled and the definitive treaty ready for execution.

Miss WAL

Miss WAL. You may be sure that delicacy will not suffer me to be communicative on the subject, Sir.

GEN. Then you leave every thing to my management.

Miss WAL. I can't trust a more noble negotiator. *(goes out.)*

GEN. The day is my own *(sings)* Britain, strike home ; strike home.

Scene between General Savage, Captain Savage, Miss Walsingham and Torrington, a Lawyer ; in which the General discovers his mistake.

School for Wives.

Capt. SAV. **N**AY but, my dearest Miss Walsingham, the extenuation of my own conduct to Belville made it absolutely necessary for me to discover my engagements with you ; and as happiness is now so fortunately in our reach, I flatter myself you will be prevailed upon to forgive an error which proceeded only from extravagance of love.

Miss WAL. To think me capable of such an action, Captain Savage ! I am terrified at the idea of a union with you ; and it is better for a woman at any time, to sacrifice an insolent lover than to accept of a suspicious husband.

CAPT. In the happiest union, my dearest creature, there must always be something to overlook on both sides.

Miss WAL. Very civil truly.

CAPT. Pardon me, my life, for this frankness ; and recollect, that if the Lover has thro' misconception been unhappily guilty, he brings a husband altogether reformed to your hands.

MISS WAL. Well, I see I must forgive you at last ; so I may as well make a merit of necessity, you provoking creature.

CAPT. And may I hope indeed for the blessing of this hand ?

MISS WAL. Why, you wretch, would you have me force it upon you ? I think after what I have said, a soldier might have ventured to take it without further ceremony.

CAPT. Angelic creature ! thus I seize it as my lawful prize.

MISS WAL. Well, but now you have obtained this inestimable prize, Captain, give me again leave to ask if you have had a certain explanation with the General.

CAPT. How can you doubt it ?

MISS WAL. And he is really impatient for our marriage ?

CAPT. 'Tis incredible how earnest he is.

MISS WAL. What ! did he tell you of his interview with me this evening, when he brought Mr. Torrington ?

CAPT. He did.

MISS WAL. O, Then I can have no doubt.

CAPT. If a shadow of doubt remains, here he comes, to remove it. Joy, my dear Sir ! joy a thousand times !

Enter Gen. Savage and Torrington.

GEN. What, my dear boy, have you carried the day ?

MISS

MISS WAL. I have been weak enough to indulge him with a victory, indeed, General.

GEN. Fortune favours the brave, Torrington.

TOR. I congratulate you heartily on this decree, General.

GEN. This had nearly proved a day of disappointment, but the stars have fortunately turned it in my favour, and now I reap the rich reward of my victory.

CAPT. And here I take her from you, as the greatest good which heaven can send me.

MISS WAL. O Captain!

GEN. *You* take her as the greatest good which heaven can send *you*, Sirrah! *I* take her as the greatest good which heaven can send *me*: And now what have *you* to say to her?

MISS WAL. General Savage!

TOR. Here will be a fresh injunction to stop proceedings.

MISS WAL. Are we never to have done with mistakes?

GEN. What mistakes can have happened now, sweetest? you delivered up your dear hand to me this moment?

MISS WAL. True, Sir; but I thought you were going to bestow my dear hand upon *this* dear Gentleman.

GEN. How! that dear Gentleman!

CAPT. I am thunder-struck!

TOR. Fortune favours the brave, General, none but the brave.

[*Laughingly.*]

GEN. So the covert way is cleared at last;
and

and you have all along imagined that I was negotiating for this fellow, when I was gravely soliciting for myself.

Miss WAL. No other idea, Sir, ever entered my imagination.

TOR. General, noble minds should never despair. [Laughingly.]

GEN. Well, my hopes are blown up to the moon at once, and I shall be the laughing stock of the whole town.

Scene between Mrs. BELVILLE, Miss WALSINGHAM and Lady RACHEL MILDEW. — On duelling.

School for Wives.

Mrs. BEL. **W**HERE is the generosity, where [alone.] is the sense, where is the shame of men, to find pleasure in pursuits which they cannot remember without the deepest horror; which they cannot follow without the meanest fraud; and which they cannot effect, without consequences the most dreadful? The greatest triumph which a libertine can ever experience, is too despicable to be envied; 'tis at best nothing but a victory over his humanity; and if he is a husband he must be doubly tortured on the wheel of recollection.

Enter Miss WALSINGHAM and Lady RACHEL MILDEW.

Miss WAL. My dear Mrs. Belville, I am extremely unhappy to see you so distressed.

Lady RACH. Now I am extremely glad to see

see her so, for if she were not greatly distressed, it would be monstrously unnatural.

Mrs. BEL. O Matilda! my husband! my children.

Miss WAL. Don't weep, my dear! don't weep! pray be comforted, all may end happily. Lady Rachel, beg of her not to cry so.

Lady RACH. Why, you are crying yourself Miss Walsingham. And though I think it out of character to encourage her tears, I cannot help keeping you company.

Mrs. BEL. O, why is not some effectual method contrived to prevent this horrible practice of duelling?

Lady RACH. I'll expose it on the stage, since the law now a-days kindly leaves the whole cognizance of it to the theatre.

Miss WAL. And yet if the laws against it, were as well enforced as the laws against destroying the game, perhaps it would be equally for the benefit of the kingdom.

Mrs. BEL. No law will ever be effectual till the custom is rendered infamous. Wives must shriek! mothers must agonize! orphans must be multiplied! unless some blessed hand strip the fascinating glare from honourable murder, and bravely expose the idol who is worshipped thus in blood. While it is disreputeable to obey the laws, we cannot look for reformation. But if the duellist is once banished from the presence of his sovereign; if he is for life excluded the confidence of his country; if a mark of indelible disgrace is stamped upon him, the sword of public justice

justice will be the sole chastiser of wrongs : trifles will not be punished with death, and offences really meriting such a punishment will be reserved for the only proper avenger, the common executioner.

LADY RACH. I could not have expressed myself better on the subject, my dear, but till such a hand, as you talk of, is found, the best will fall into the error of the times.

MISS WAL. Yes, and butcher each other like madmen, for fear their courage should be suspected by fools.

RIVERS AND SIR HARRY.
FALSE DELICACY.

SIR HAR. COLONEL, your most obedient :
I am come upon the old business ; for unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

RIV. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

SIR HAR. No, Sir ?

RIV. No, Sir, I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney ; do you know that, Sir ?

SIR HAR. I do ; but what then ! Engagements of this kind, you know—

RIV. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney ?

SIR HAR. I do ; but I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you ; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine, therefore— RIV.

RIV. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

SIR HAR. A thousand if you please, Sir.

RIV. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word : I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour.

SIR HAR. And so I do, Sir, a man of the nicest honour.

RIV. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word ; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal.—

SIR HAR. I really don't understand you, Colonel : I thought when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world ; and as you have not signed—

RIV. Why, this is mending matters with a witness ! And so you think because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word ! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour ; they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments, and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

SIR HAR. Well ! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

RIV. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour : and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

SIR HAR. Insult you, Colonel ! Is the offer of my alliance an insult ? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper—

RIV.

RIV. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word: Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

SIR HAR. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe—

RIV. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies: I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law, for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money, at best but a legal prostitution.

*Scene between SHYLOCK and TUBAL.**
Merchant of Venice.

SHY. **H**OW now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? have you heard any thing of my backsliding daughter?

TUB. I often came where I heard of her, but could not find her.

SHY. Why there, there, there, a diamond gone, that cost me ten thousand ducats at Frankfort! The curse never fell upon the nation till now!
I never

* Shylock had sent Tubal after his daughter, who had eloped from his house. Antonio was a merchant hated by Shylock.

I never felt it before! Two thousand ducats, in that and other precious jewels! I wish she lay dead at my feet! No news of them! and I know not what spent in the search. Loss upon loss. The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders.

TUB. O yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

SHY. (*interrupting him.*) What, has he had ill luck?

TUB. Has had a ship cast away coming from Tripoli.

SHY. Thank fortune! Is it true? Is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped from the wreck.

SHY. I thank you, good Tubal. Good news! Good news! what in Genoa, you spoke with them.

TUB. Your daughter, as I heard in Genoa, spent twenty Ducats in one night.

SHY. You stick a dagger in me, Tubal, I never shall see my gold again. Twenty ducats in one night? Twenty ducats? O Father Abraham!

TUB. There came several of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, who say he cannot but break.

SHY. I am glad on't. I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad on't.

TUB. One of them showed me ring he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her! You torture me, Tubal!

It was my ruby. I would not have given it for as many monies as could stand together upon Realto.

TUB. Antonio is certainly undone.

SHY. Ay, ay, there is some comfort in that. Go, Tubal, engage an officer. Tell him to be ready. I'll be revenged on Antonio. I'll wash my hands to the elbows in his heart's blood.

Jaffier had married the daughter of Priuli, without his consent ; and being reduced to poverty, he applies to Priuli for help in his distress and receives the following treatment.

Venice preserved.

PRI. **N**O more ! I'll hear no more ! Be gone and leave me.

JAF. Not hear me ! By my sufferings but you shall. My Lord ! My Lord ! I am not that abject wretch you think me. Where's the difference that throws me so far behind you, that I must not speak to you ?

PRI. Have you not wronged me ?

JAF. Could my nature ever have endured the thought of doing wrong, I need not now have bent myself thus low, to gain a hearing from a cruel father.

PRI. I say you have wronged me in the nicest point, the honour of my house. You can't defend your baseness to me. When you first came home from travel, I with open arms received you pleased with your seeming virtues. I sought to

raise

raise you. My house, my table, fortune, all was yours. And in return, you treacherously strove to undo me; deceived the joy of my declining age, my only child, and stole her from my bosom.

JAF. Is this your gratitude to him who saved your daughter's life. You know that but for me you had been childless. I restored her to you, when sunk amidst the waves; I hazarded my life for hers and she has richly paid me with her generous love.

PRI. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her; at dead of night, that fatal hour, you chose to rattle me of all my heart held dear. But may your joy in her prove false as mine. May the hard hand of pinching poverty oppress and grind you; till at length you find the curse of disobedience all your fortune. Home and be humble. Study to retrench. Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall, those pageants of thy folly. Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife, to humble weeds fit for thy narrow state. Then to some suburb cottage, both retire; and with your starvling brats enjoy your misery. Home, home, I say.

*Scene between Lord Peter, Martin and Jack.**

Swift's tale of a Tub.

BREAD, gentlemen, bread is the staff of life. In bread is contained the quintessence of beef,

*By Peter is meant the Pope; by Martin, the Lutheran Church; and by Jack the Calvinists. The design of this Dialogue, is to ridicule the Doctrine of Transubstantiation, the arrogance of the Pope and the evils of Persecution.

beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plumb-pudding and custard; and thro' the whole is diffused a wholesome fermented liquor. Therefore he who eats bread at the same time eats the best of food and drinks the best of liquors. Come on, brothers, the cause is good, fall to and spare not. Here is a shoulder of excellent mutton† as ever was cut with knife.

But now my hand is in, I'll help you myself. Young people are bashful. Come, brother Martin, let me help you to this slice.

MAR. My Lord, I doubt with great submission, here is some little mistake.

PET. What, you are merry? Come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with.

MAR. No jest, indeed, my Lord. But unless I am very much deceived, your Lordship was pleased a little while ago, to drop a word about mutton. and I should be glad to see it upon the table.

PET. How! I don't comprehend you.

JACK. Why my Lord, my brother Martin, I suppose is hungry, and longs to see the shoulder of mutton you spoke of, come to the table.

PET. Pray explain yourselves, gentlemen. Either you are both out of your wits, or are disposed to be merry a little unseasonably. You would better keep your jokes till after dinner.

MAR. What then, my Lord, is this brown loaf a shoulder of mutton all this while?

PET.

† Pointing to a brown loaf on the Table. This conversation is supposed to be at table where the speakers ought to sit; in order to perform to the Life. But this may be dispensed with, as my design is to learn children merely to read and speak.

PET. Pray leave of your impertinence and eat your victuals, if you please. I am not disposed to relish your wit at present.

MAR. Well, my Lord, may I be soufed over head and ears in a horse-pond, if it seems to my eyes, my fingers, or my nose, either less or more, than a slice of stale sixpenny brown loaf.

JACK. If ever I saw a shoulder of mutton, in my life, look so like a sixpenny brown loaf, I am an old basket woman.

PET. Look you, Gentlemen, to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant puppies you are, I will use but one plain argument. May you both be eternally miserable, if you don't believe this to be a shoulder of as good mutton as ever was sold in market.

MAR. Why truly upon more mature consideration—

JACK. Why, ay, now I have thought more of the matter, your Lordship seems to be in the right.

PET. O now you are come to yourselves. Boy fill me a bumper of claret. Come, brothers, here is good health to you both.

MAR. and JACK. Thank your good Lordship and shall be glad to pledge you.

PET. That you shall my boys. I am not a man to refuse any thing in reason. A moderate glass of wine is a cordial. There* is a bumper a piece for you. True natural juice of the grape. None of your nasty balderdash vintner's brewing. What now† are you at your doubts again? Here boy

*Giving them a crust each, †Observing them to stare.

boy. Call neighbour Dominic † the blacksmith here. Bid him bring his tongs with him. Red-hot, d'ye hear? I'll teach you to doubt.

MAR. Come, Jack. This house is like to be too hot for you and me. He is quite raving mad. Let's get away || as fast as we can.

JACK. A plague on his crazy head. If ever I put my nose within his door again, may it be pinched off in good earnest.

† Saint Dominic, the inventor of the Inquisition.

|| Separation of the Protestant from the Romish Church.

J U B A and S Y P H A X:

JUB. SYPHAX, I joy to meet you thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in
(frowns,
And turn thy eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPH. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my
(thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart:
I have not yet so much of the Roman in me.

JUB. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous
(terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
Dost not thou see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,

Against

Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name ?

SYPH. Gods ! where's the worth that sets this
(people up

Above your own Numidia's tawny sons ?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow ?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm ?
Who like our active African instructs
The firey steed, and trains him to his hand ?
Or guides in troops the embattled elephant,
Laden with war ? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUB. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views :
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
To lay it under the restraint of laws ;
To make man mild, and sociable to man ;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts ;
The establishments of life : virtues like these,
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPH. Patience, just Heavens !—Excuse an old
(man's warmth.

What are those wonderous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame ?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and fallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue ?

In

In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

JUB. To strike thee dumb : turn up thy eyes to
(Cato !

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself ;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat :
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomp and pleasure that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPH. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian desarts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn :
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUB. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense ;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?

Heavens!

Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of
[mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thanks the gods that threw the weight upon
[him!

SYPH. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness
I think the Romans call it stoicism. [of soul:
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's handinglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric sands, disfigured with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUB. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh!
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.

SYPH. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUB. What would'st thou have me do?

SYPH. Abandon Cato.

JUB. Syphax, I should be more than twice an
Orphan by such a loss.

SYPH. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUB. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Least it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPH. Sir, your great father never used me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,

Which

Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture, and to please my soul.
The good old King at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

JUB. Alas, the story melts away my soul,
The best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

SYPH. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

JUB. His counsels bade me yield to thy di-
[rections:

Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms;
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPH. Alas, my prince, I'll guide you to your
[safety!

JUB. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

SYPH. Fly from the fate of Cesar's foes.

JUB. My father scorn'd to do it.

SYPH. And therefore dy'd.

JUB. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPH. Rather say your love. [temper

JUB. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPH. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to con-
[quer love

'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress

Ligh

Light up another flame, and put out this.
 The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
 Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
 The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
 Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
 The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

JUB. 'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,
 The tincture of the skin that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
 The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
 True, she is fair (Oh, how divinely fair!)
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
 Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
 Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPH. How does your tongue grow wanton
 [in her praise!
 CATO.

HOTSPUR AND GLENDOWER.

(spur;
 GLEN. SIT, cousin, Percy; sit good cousin Hot-
 For, by that name, as oft as Lancaster
 Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
 A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

HOT. And you in hell, as often as he hears
 Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLEN. I blame him not: at my nativity,
 The front of heaven was full of firey shapes,

Of

Of burning creffets: know that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundations of the earth
Shook like a coward.

HOT. So it would have done
At the same season your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

GLEN. I say, the earth did shake when I was
(born.

HOT. I say, the earth then was not of my mind;
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

GLEN. The heavens were all on fire, the earth
(did tremble.

HOT. O, then the earth shook to see the hea-
(vens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement criving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High towers and moss-grown steeples. At your
(birth,

Our grandam earth, with this distemperature,
In passion shook.

GLEN. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of firey shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous in the frightened fields:
These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am

I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the sea,
That chides the banks of England, Wales or
(Scotland,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOT. I think there is no man speaks better
(Welch.

GLEN. I can speak English, Lord, as well as
For I was train'd up in the English court: (you,
Where, being young, I fram'd to the harp,
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOT. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my (heart,
I would rather be a kitten, and cry mew!

Than one of these same metre-ballad mongers !
 I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
 And that would nothing set my teeth in edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.——

GLEN. And I can call spirits from the vasty

Hor. Why, so can I, or so can any man: (deep.
But will they come when you call them?

GLEN. Why I can teach thee to command
(the devil,

y telling truth ; *Tell truth and shame the devil.*
thou hast power to raise him, bring him hither,
and I'll be sworn, I've power to shame him hence.
h, while you live, *Tell truth and shame the devil.*

N

SHAKESPEAR.
WOLSEY

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

WOL. **F**AREWELL, a long farewell to all my
(greatness!

This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his shoot;
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or woman have,
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Why, how now Cromwell?

CROM. I have no power to speak, Sir.

WOL. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep
I'm fallen indeed.

CROM. How does your Grace?

WOL. Why, well;

Never

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities ;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured

(me,
I humbly thank his Grace ; and, from these shoul-
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken (ders,
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

CROM. I'm glad your Grace has made that
(right use of it.

WOL. I hope I have : I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

CROM. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

WOL. God blefs him !

CROM. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
Lord Chancellor in your place. (chosen

WOL. That's somewhat sudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him !
What more ?

CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome ;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That's news indeed.

CROM. Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom

Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his Queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

WOL. There was the weight that pull'd me
down : O Cromwell.

The King has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now (well ;
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art ; he will advance
Some little memory of me will stir him, (thee :
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
for thine own future safety.

CROM. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be your's.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Crom-
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, (well,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of

Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, tho' thy master mis'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 (Tho' the image of his maker) hope to win by it?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that wait
 Corruption wins not more than honesty. (thee!
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
 Thy God's and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
 (Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King—
 And pr'ythee lead me in——

There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
 I dare to call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good Sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do
 (dwell.

SHAKESPEAR.

HAMLET

HAMLET AND HORATIO.

HOR. **H**AIL to your Lordship !

HAM. I am glad to see you well,
Horatio;—or I do forget myself.

HOR. The same, my Lord, and your poor ser-
(vant ever.

HAM. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that
(name with you :

And what makes you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

HOR. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

HAM. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence;
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself. I know you are no truant ;
But what is your affair in Elsinoor ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HOR. My Lord, I came to see your father's fu-
(neral

HAM. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-stu-
(dent

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HOR. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon

HAM. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ; the funera-
(baked meat

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !

My father—methinks I see my father.

HOR. Oh where, my Lord ?

HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once, he was a goodly King

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

HOR. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw! whom?

HOR. My Lord, the King your father.

HAM. The King my father!

HOR. Season your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

HAM. For heaven's love, let me hear.

HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernado, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-a-pee,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, (till'd
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they (dis-
Almost to jelly with the effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

HAM. But where was this?

HOR. My Lord, upon the platform where we

HAM. Did you not speak to it? (watch'd.

HOR. My Lord I did;

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak,
But even then the morning cock crew loud;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAM. 'Tis very strange.

HOR. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAM. Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

HOR. We do, my Lord.

HAM. Arm'd, say you?

HOR. Arm'd my Lord.

HAM. From top to toe?

HOR. My Lord from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not his face?

HOR. Oh, yes My Lord; he wore his beaver

HAM. What, look'd he frowningly? (up.

HOR. A countenance more in sorrow than in

HAM. Pale, or red? (anger.

HOR. Nay, very pale.

HAM. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HOR. Most constantly.

HAM. I would I had been there!

HOR. It would have much amazed you.

HAM. Very like. Staid it long?

HOR. While one with moderate haste might
(tell a hundred.

HAM. His beard was grised?—no.—

HOR. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAM. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill

HOR. I warrant you, it will. (walk again.

HAM. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 Let it be terrible in your silence still :
 And whatsoever shall befall to night,
 Give it an understanding but no tongue ;
 I will requite your love . So fare ye well .
 Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
 I'll visit you .

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND
 CASSIUS.

CAS. **T**HAT you have wrong'd me doth ap-
 (pear in this,

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians :
 Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man) was slighted of. (case.

BRU. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a

CAS. In such a time as this, it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear its comment.

BRU. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
 To sell and mart your offices for gold,
 To undeservers.

CAS. I an itching palm ?
 You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
 Or, be assured, this speech were else your last.

BRU. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
 (ruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

CAS. Chastisement !—

BRU. Remember March, the ides of March
 (remember!

Did

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers; shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
 And sell the mighty meed of our large honours
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
 I would rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

CAS. Brutus, bay not me,
 I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

BRU. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say, you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
 Have mind upon your health—tempt me no

BRU. Away, slight man! (farther.

CAS. Is't possible?

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
 Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

CAS. Must I endure all this?

BRU. All this? ay more. Fret till your proud
 (heart break;

Go, tell your slaves how cholerick you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour? Be assured,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though.

Though it do split you ; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CAS. Is it come to this ?

BRU. You say, you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS. You wrong me every way ;—you wrong
(me, Brutus ;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say better ?

BRU. If you did, I care not.

CAS. When Cesar liv'd, he durst not thus have
(moved me.

BRU. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempt-

CAS. I durst not ! (ed him.

BRU. No.

CAS. What ? durst not tempt him ?

BRU. For your life you durst not.

CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do what I shall be sorry for.

BRU. You have done what you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hand of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions.
 Which you denied me ; was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces.

CAS. I deny'd you not:

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not—he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath
 (rived my heart.

A friend should bear a friends infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRU. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

CAS. You love me not.

BRU. I do not like your faults.

CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do
 Appear as huge as high Olympus. (come!

CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
 Check'd by a bondman ; all his faults observed ;
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast—within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold !
 If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike as thou didst at Cesar ; for I know,

When

When thou didst hate him worst, thou loved'st
[him better

Than ever thou lov'd'st Cassius.

BRU. Sheathe your dagger ;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Which much inforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CAS. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CAS. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O Brutus !

BRU. What's the matter ?

CAS. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

BRU. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEAR.

*An ADDRESS of Congress to the People of Great
Britain, written in September 1774.*

FRIENDS AND FELLOW SUBJECTS,

WHEN a nation, led to greatness, by the
hand of liberty, and possessed of all the
O glory

glory that heroism, munificence and humanity can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for her friends and children, and instead of giving support to freedom, turns advocate for slavery and oppression, there is reason to suspect she has either ceased to be virtuous, or been extremely negligent in the appointment of her rulers.

In almost every age, in repeated conflicts, and long and bloody wars, as well civil as foreign, against many and powerful nations, against the open assaults of enemies, and the more dangerous treachery of friends, have the inhabitants of your island, your great and glorious ancestors, maintained their independence and transmitted the rights of men and the blessings of liberty to you their posterity.

Be not surprized therefore, that we, who are descended from the same common ancestors, that we, whose forefathers participated in all the rights, the liberties and the constitution you so justly boast, and who have carefully conveyed the same fair inheritance to us, guarantied by the plighted faith of government, and the most solemn compacts with British Sovereigns, should refuse to surrender them to men, who found their claims on no principles of reason, and who prosecute them with a design that by having *our* lives and property in their power, they may with the greater facility enslave *you*.

2 The cause of America is now the object of universal attention : It is at length become very serious. This unhappy country has not only been

been oppressed, but abused and misrepresented; and the duty we owe to ourselves and posterity, to your interest, and the general welfare of the British empire, leads us to address you on this very important subject.

Know then, THAT we consider ourselves, and do insist that we are and ought to be, as free as our fellow subjects in Britain, and that no power on earth has a right to take our property from us without our consent.

That we claim all the benefits secured to the subject by the English constitution, and particularly that inestimable one of trial by jury.

That we hold it essential to English liberty, that no man be condemned unheard, or punished for supposed offences, without having an opportunity to be heard in his defence.

That we think the legislature of Great-Britain is not authorised by the constitution to establish a religion, fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets, or, to erect an arbitrary form of government in any quarter of the globe. These rights, we, as well as you, deem sacred. And yet, sacred as they are, they have, with many others been repeatedly and flagrantly violated.

Are not the proprietors of the soil of Great-Britain lords of their own property? Can it be taken from them without their consent? Will they yield it to the arbitrary disposal of any man, or number of men whatever?---You know they will not.

Why then are the proprietors of the soil of America, less lords of their property than you are of your's? or why should they submit it to the disposal

posaf of your parliament, or any other parliament or council in the world, not of their election? Can the intervention of the sea that divides us, cause disparity in rights, or can any reason be given, why English subjects who live three thousand miles from the royal palace, should enjoy less liberty than those who are three hundred miles distant from it?

Reason looks with indignation on such distinctions, and freemen can never perceive their propriety. And yet however chimerical and unjust such discriminations are, the parliament assert that they have a right to bind us in all cases without exception, whether we consent or not; that they may take and use our property when and in what manner they please; that we are pensioners on their bounty for all that we possess, and can hold it no longer than they vouchsafe to permit. Such declarations we consider as heresies in English politics, and which can no more operate to deprive us of our property, than the interdicts of the Pope can divest Kings of sceptres, which the laws of the land and the voice of the people have placed in their hands.

3 At the conclusion of the late war---a war rendered glorious by the abilities and integrity of a minister, to whose efforts the British empire owes its safety and its fame:—At the conclusion of this war, which was succeeded by an inglorious peace, formed under the auspices of a minister, of principles, and of a family unfriendly to the protestant cause, and inimical to liberty—We say, at this period, and under the influence of that man, a
plan

plan for enslaving your fellow subjects in America was concerted, and has ever since been pertinaciously carrying into execution.

Prior to this æra, you were content with drawing from us the wealth produced by our commerce. You restrained our trade in every way that could conduce to your emolument. You exercised unbounded sovereignty over the sea. You named the ports and nations to which alone our merchandize should be carried, and with whom alone we should trade; and though some of these restrictions were grievous, we nevertheless did not complain; we looked up to you as to our parent state, to which we were bound by the strongest ties; and were happy in being instrumental to your prosperity and your grandeur.

We call upon you yourselves, to witness our loyalty and attachment to the common interest of the whole empire: Did we not, in the last war, add all the strength of this vast continent to the force which repelled our common enemy? Did we not leave our native shores, and meet disease and death, to promote the success of the British arms in foreign climes? Did you not thank us for our zeal, and even re-imburse us large sums of money, which, you confessed, we had advanced beyond our proportion, and far beyond our abilities? You did.

To what causes then, are we to attribute the sudden change of treatment, and that system of slavery which was prepared for us at the restoration of peace?

4 Before we had recovered from the distresses

O 2

which

which ever attend war, an attempt was made to drain this country of all its money, by the oppressive stamp-act. Paint, Glass, and other commodities, which you would not permit us to purchase of other nations, were taxed; nay, altho' no wine is made in any country, subject to the British state, you prohibited our procuring it of foreigners, without paying a tax, imposed by your parliament, on all we imported. These and many other impositions were laid upon us most unjustly and unconstitutionally, for the express purpose of raising a revenue.—In order to silence complaint, it was, indeed, provided, that this revenue should be expended in America for its protection and defence.---The exactions, however, can receive no justification from a pretended necessity of protecting and defending us. They are lavishly squandered on court favourites, and ministerial dependants, generally avowed enemies to America, and employing themselves, by partial representations, to traduce and embroil the colonies.

5. For the necessary support of government here, we ever were and ever shall be ready to provide. And whenever the exigencies of the state may require it, we shall, as we have heretofore done, cheerfully contribute our full proportion of men and money. To enforce this unconstitutional and unjust scheme of taxation, every fence that the wisdom of our British ancestors had carefully erected against arbitrary power, has been violently thrown down in America, and the inestimable right of trial by jury taken away, in cases that touch both life and property.—It was ordained, that

that whenever offences should be committed in the colonies against particular acts imposing various duties and restrictions upon trade, the prosecutor might bring his action for the penalties in the Courts of Admiralty; by which means the subject lost the advantage of being tried by an honest uninfluenced jury of the vicinage, and was subjected to the sad necessity of being judged by a single man, a creature of the Crown, and according to the course of a law, which exempts the prosecutor from the trouble of proving his accusation, and obliges the defendant either to evince his innocence or to suffer. To give this new Judicatory the greater importance, and as, if with design to protect false accusors, it is further provided, that the Judge's certificate of their having been probable causes of seizure and prosecution, shall protect the prosecutor from actions at common law, for recovery of damages.

By the course of our law, offences committed in such of the British dominions in which courts are established and justice duly and regularly administered, shall be there tried by jury of the vicinage. There the offenders and the witnesses are known, and the degree of credibility to be given to their testimony, can be ascertained.

6. Let justice and humanity cease to be the boast of your nation! Consult your history, examine your records of former transactions; nay, turn to the annals of the many arbitrary states and kingdoms that surround you, and shew us a single instance of men being condemned to suffer for imputed crimes unheard, unquestioned, and without

without even the specious formality of trial; and that too by laws made expressly for the purpose, and which had no existence at the time of the fact committed. If it is difficult to reconcile these proceedings to the genius and temper of your laws and constitution, the task will become more arduous when we call upon our ministerial enemies to justify, not only condemning men untried and by hearsay, but involving the innocent in one common punishment with the guilty, and for an act of thirty or forty, to bring poverty, distress and calamity on thirty thousand souls, and those not your enemies, but your friends, brethren and fellow-subjects.

7 It would be some consolation to us, if the catalogue of American oppressions ended here. It gives us pain to be reduced to the necessity of reminding you, that under the confidence reposed in the faith of government, pledged in a royal charter from a British Sovereign, the forefathers of the present inhabitants of Massachusetts-Bay, left their former habitations, and established that great, flourishing, and loyal colony. Without incurring or being charged with a forfeiture of their rights, without being heard, without being tried, without law, and without justice, by an act of Parliament, their charter is destroyed, their liberties violated, their constitution and form of government changed: And all this upon no better pretence, than because in one of their towns, a trespass was committed on some merchandize, said to belong to one of the

the denizens of the said companies,

companies, and because the ministry were of opinion, that such high political regulations were necessary to compel due subordination and obedience to their mandates.

Nor are these the only capital grievances under which we labour. We might tell of dissolute, weak, and wicked Governors having been set over us: of legislatures being suspended for asserting the rights of British subjects — of needy and ignorant dependants on great men, advanced to the seats of justice, and to other places of trust and importance; of hard restrictions on commerce, and a great variety of less evils, the recollection of which is almost lost under the weight and pressure of greater and more poignant calamities.

8 Now mark the progression of the ministerial plan for enslaving us.

Well aware that such hardy attempts to take our property from us; to deprive us of that valuable right of trial by jury; to seize our persons, and carry us for trial to Great Britain; to blockade our ports; to destroy our charters, and change our forms of government; would occasion, and had already occasioned, great discontents in all the colonies, which might produce opposition to these measures: An act was passed to protect, indemnify and screen from punishment such as might be guilty even of murder, in endeavouring to carry their oppressive acts into execution: And by another act, the dominion of Canada is to be extended, modelled, and governed, as that by being disunited from us, detached from

from our interests, by civil as well as religious prejudices, that by their numbers daily swelling with catholic emigrants from Europe, and by their devotion to administration, so friendly to their religion, they might become formidable to us, and on occasion be fit instruments in the hands of power, to reduce the ancient free Protestant colonies to the same state of slavery with themselves.

This was evidently the object of the act:—And in this view, being extremely dangerous to our liberty and quiet, we cannot forbear complaining of it, as hostile to British America—Superadded to these considerations, we cannot help deploring the unhappy condition to which it has reduced the many English settlers, who, encouraged by the royal proclamation, promising the enjoyment of all their rights, have purchased estates in that country.—They are now the subjects of an arbitrary government, deprived of trial by jury, and when imprisoned cannot claim the benefit of the habeas corpus act, that great bulwark and palladium of English liberty:—Nor can we suppress our astonishment, that a British parliament should ever consent to establish, in that country, a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world.

9. This being a true state of facts, let us beseech you to consider to what end they lead.

Admit that the ministry, by the powers of Britain, and the aid of our Roman Catholic neighbours

neighbours should be able to carry the point of taxation, and reduce us to a state of humiliation and slavery:—Such an enterprize would doubtless make some addition to your national debt, which already presses down your liberties, and fills you with pensioners and placemen.—We presume also, that your commerce will somewhat be diminished. However, suppose you should prove victorious—in what condition will you then be? What advantages or what laurels will you reap from such a conquest?

May not a ministry with the same armies enslave you?—It may be said you will cease to pay them;—but remember the taxes from America, the wealth, and we may add, the men, and particularly the Roman Catholics of this vast continent will then be in the power of your enemies—nor will you have any reason to expect, that after making slaves of us, many amongst us shall refuse to assist in reducing you to the same abject state.

Do not treat this as chimerical—Know that in less than half a century, the quit-rents reserved to the crown, from the numberless grants of this vast continent, will pour large streams of wealth into the royal coffers, and if to this be added the power of taxing America at pleasure, the crown will be rendered independent on you for supplies, and will possess more treasure than may be necessary to purchase the *remains* of liberty in your island—In a word, take care you do not fall into the pit that is preparing for us.

10. We believe there is yet much virtue, much justice

justice, and much public spirit in the English nation—To that justice we now appeal. You have been told that we are seditious, impatient of government and desirous of independency. Be assured that these are not facts but calumnies.—Permit us to be free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem an union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness; we ever shall be ready to contribute all in our power to the wealfare of the empire--we shall consider your enemies as our enemies, and your interest as our own.

But if you are determined that your ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind,—If neither the constitution, or the suggestions of humanity can restrain your hands from shedding human blood in such an impious cause, we must then tell you, that we never will submit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for any ministry or nation in the world.

Place us in the same situation that we were at the close of the last war, and our former harmony will be restored.

But least the same supineness and the same inattention to our common interest, which you have for several years shewn, should continue, we think it prudent to anticipate the consequences.

By the destruction of the trade of Boston, the ministry have endeavoured to induce submission to their measures. The like fate may befall us all, we will endeavour therefore to live without trade, and recur for subsistence to the fertility
and

and bounty of our native soil, which will afford us all the necessaries and some of the conveniences of life.—We have suspended our importation from Great-Britain and Ireland; and in less than a year's time, unless our grievances should be redressed, shall discontinue our exports to those kingdoms and the West-Indies.

It is with the utmost regret however, that we find ourselves compelled by the over-ruling principles of self preservation, to adopt measures detrimental in their consequences to numbers of our fellow subjects of Great-Britain and Ireland. But we hope, that the magnanimity and justice of the British nation will furnish a Parliament of such wisdom, independence and public spirit, as may save the violated rights of the whole empire from the devices of wicked ministers and evil counsellors, whether in or out of office, and thereby restore that harmony, friendship and paternal affection between all the inhabitants of his Majesty's kingdoms and territories, so ardently wished for by every honest and true American.

ADDRESS OF CONGRESS
To the INHABITANTS
OF THE
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-SUBJECTS,

WE, the Delegates of the Colonies of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts-Bay, Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut,
P New-

New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, the counties of Newcastle, Kent and Suffex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, and South-Carolina, deputed by the inhabitants of the said colonies, to represent them in a General Congress at Philadelphia, in the Province of Pennsylvania, to consult together on the best methods to obtain redress of our afflicting grievances, having accordingly assembled and taken into our most serious consideration the state of public affairs on this continent, have thought proper to address your province, as a member therein deeply interested.

When the fortune of war, after a gallant and glorious resistance, had incorporated you with the body of English subjects, we rejoiced in the truly valuable addition, both on our own and your account; expecting, as courage and generosity are naturally united, our brave enemies would become our hearty friends, and that the Divine Being would bless to you the dispensations of his over-ruling providence, by securing to you and your latest posterity the inestimable advantages of a free English constitution of government, which it is the privilege of all English subjects to enjoy.

These hopes were confirmed by the King's proclamation issued in the year 1763, plighting the public faith for your full enjoyment of those advantages.

Little did we imagine that any succeeding Ministers would so audaciously and cruelly abuse the royal authority, as to withhold from you the fruition of the irrevocable rights to which you were thus justly entitled.

But

But since we have lived to see the unexpected time, when ministers of this flagitious temper have dared to violate the most sacred compacts and obligations, and as you were educated under another form of government, have artfully been kept from discovering the unspeakable worth of that form you are now undoubtedly entitled to, we esteem it our duty, for the weighty reasons herein after mentioned, to explain to you some of its most important branches.

2 " In every human society," says the celebrated Marquis Beccaria, " there is an effort continually tending to confer on one part the height of power and happiness, and to reduce the other to the extreme of weakness and misery. The intent of good laws is to oppose this effort, and to diffuse their influence universally and equally."

Rulers, stimulated by this pernicious " effort," and subjects, animated by the just " intent of opposing good laws against it," have occasioned that vast variety of events, that fill the histories of so many nations. All these histories demonstrate the truth of this simple position, that to live by the will of one man, or set of men, is the production of misery to all men.

On the solid foundation of this principle, Englishmen reared up the fabric of their constitution with such a strength, as for ages to defy time, tyranny, treachery, internal and foreign wars: and, as an illustrious author † of your nation, hereafter mentioned, observes, " They gave the people

† *Montesquieu.*

people of their colonies the form of their own government, and this government carrying prosperity along with it, they have grown great nations in the forests they were sent to inhabit."

In this form the first grand right is, that of the people having a share in their own government, by their representatives, chosen by themselves, and in consequence of being ruled by laws which they themselves approve, not by edicts of men over whom they have no controul. This is a bulwark surrounding and defending their property, which by their honest cares and labours they have acquired, so that no portion of it can be legally taken from them, but with their own full and free consent, when they in their judgement deem it just and necessary to give them for public services, and precisely direct the easiest, cheapest, and most equal methods in which they shall be collected.

The influence of this right extends still farther. If money is wanted by rulers, who have in any manner oppressed the people, they may retain it, until their grievances are redressed; and thus peaceably procure relief, without trusting to despised petitions, or disturbing the public tranquillity.

3 The next great right is that of trial by jury. This provides, that neither life, liberty nor property can be taken from the possessor, until twelve of his unexceptionable countrymen and peers of his vicinage, who from that neighbourhood may reasonably be supposed to be acquainted with his character, and the character of the
witnesses

witnesses, upon a fair trial, and full enquiry face to face in open court, before as many people as choose to attend, shall pass their sentence upon oath against him; an oath that cannot injure him, without injuring their own reputation, and probably their interest also; as the question may turn on points that, in some degree, concern the general welfare; and if it does not, their verdict may form a precedent, that on a similar trial of their own, may militate against them.

Another right relates merely to the liberty of the person. If a subject is seized and imprisoned, though by order of Government, he may, by virtue of this right, immediately obtain a writ, termed a Habeas Corpus, from a Judge, whose sworn duty is to grant it, and thereupon to procure any illegal restraint to be quickly enquired into and redressed.

A fourth right is, that by holding lands by the tenure of easy rents, and not by rigorous and oppressive services, frequently forcing the possessors from their families and their business, to perform what ought to be done, in all well regulated states, by men hired for the purpose.

The last right we shall mention regards the freedom of the press. The importance of this consists, besides the advancement of truth, science, morality, and arts in general, in its diffusion, of liberal sentiments on the administration of Government, its ready communication of thoughts between subjects, and its consequential promotion of union among them, whereby oppressive officers are shamed or intimidated into more honourable and just modes of conducting affairs.

These are the invaluable rights, that form a considerable part of our mild system of government; that, sending its equitable energy through all ranks and classes of men, defends the poor from the rich, the weak from the powerful, the industrious from the rapacious, the peaceable from the violent, the tenants from the lords, and all from their superiors.

4 These are the rights, without which a people cannot be free and happy, and under the protecting and encouraging influence of which, these Colonies have hitherto so amazingly flourished and increased. These are the rights a profligate Ministry are now striving, by force of arms, to ravish from us, and which we are, with one mind, resolved never to resign but with our lives.

These are the rights *you* are entitled to, and ought at this moment

moment in perfection to exercise. And what is offered to you by the late act of Parliament in their place? Liberty of conscience in your religion? No. God gave it to you; and the temporal powers with which you have been and are connected, firmly stipulated for your enjoyment of it. If laws, divine and human, could secure it against the despotic caprices of wicked men, it was secured before. Are the French laws in civil cases restored? *It seems so.* But observe the cautious kindness of the Ministers, who pretend to be your benefactors. The words of the statute are---that those "laws shall be the rule, until they shall be *varied* or *altered* by any ordinances of the Governor and Council." Is the "certainty and lenity of the *criminal* law of England, and its benefits and advantages," commended in the said statute, and said to "have been sensibly felt by you," secured to you and your descendants? No. They too are subjected to arbitrary "*alterations*" by the Governor and Council; and a power is expressly reserved of appointing "such Courts of *criminal, civil* and *ecclesiastical* jurisdiction, as shall be thought proper."

Such is the precarious tenure of mere *will*, by which you hold your lives and religion. The crown and its Ministers are impowered, as far as they could be by Parliament, to establish even the *Inquisition* itself among you. Have you an Assembly composed of worthy men, elected by yourselves, and in whom you can confide, to make laws for you, to watch over your welfare, and to direct in what quantity, and in what manner, your money shall be taken from you? No. The power of making laws for you is lodged in the Governor and Council, all of them dependant upon, and removeable at the *pleasure* of a minister. Besides, another late statute, made without your consent, has subjected you to the impositions of *Excise*, the horror of all free states; they wrest your property from you by the most odious taxes, and lay open to insolent tax-gatherers, houses the scenes of domestic peace and comfort, and called the castles of English subjects, in the books of their laws. And in every act for altering your government and intended to flatter you, you are not authorised to "assess, levy or apply any *rates* and *taxes*, but for the inferior purposes of *making roads*, and erecting and repairing *public buildings*, or for other *local* conveniences, within your respective towns and districts." Why this degrading distinction? Ought not the property, honestly acquired by *Canadians* to be held

as sacred as that of *Englishmen*? Have not Canadians sense enough to attend to any other public affairs, than gathering stones from one place and piling them up in another? Unhappy people! who are not only injured, but insulted. Nay more!--With such a superlative contempt of your understanding and spirit has an insolent Ministry presumed to think of you, our respectable fellow subjects, according to the information we have received, as firmly to persuade themselves that your gratitude, for the injuries and insults they have recently offered to you, will engage you to take up arms, and render yourselves the ridicule and detestation of the world, by becoming tools, in their hands, to assist them in taking that freedom from *us*, which they have treacherously denied to *you*; the unavoidable consequence of which attempt, if successful, would be the extinction of all hopes of you or your posterity being ever restored to freedom: For idiocy itself cannot believe, that, when their drudgery is performed, they will treat you with less cruelty than they have us, who are of the same blood with themselves.

5 What would your countryman, the immortal *Montesquieu*, have said to such a plan of domination, as has been framed for you? Hear his words, with an intenseness of thought suited to the importance of the subject.---“ In a free state, every man, who is supposed a free agent, ought to be concerned in his own government: Therefore the legislative should reside in the whole body of the people, or their representatives.”---“ The political liberty of the subjects is a tranquility of mind, arising from the opinion each person has of his safety. In order to have this liberty, it is requisite the government be so constituted, as that one man need not be afraid of another. When the power of making laws, and the power of executing them, are united in the same person, or in the same body of Magistrates, there can be no liberty; because apprehensions may arise, least the same Monarch or Senate should enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.”

“ The power of judging should be exercised by persons taken from the body of the people, at certain times of the year, and pursuant to a form and manner prescribed by law. There is no liberty, if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers.”

“ Military men belong to a profession, which may be useful, but is often dangerous.”---“ The enjoyment of liberty and

and even its support and preservation, consists in every man's being allowed to speak his thoughts, and lay open his sentiments.

Apply these decisive maxims, sanctified by the authority of a name which all Europe reveres, to your own state. You have a Governor, it may be urged, vested with the *executive* powers of *administration*. In him, and in your council, is lodged the power of *making laws*. You have *Judges*, who are to *decide* every cause affecting your lives, liberty or property. Here is, indeed, an appearance of the several powers being *separated* and *distributed* into *different* hands, for checks upon one another; the only effectual mode ever invented by the wit of men, to promote their freedom and prosperity. But scorning to be illuded by a tinsel'd outside, and exerting the natural sagacity of Frenchmen, *examine* the specious device, and you will find it, to use an expression of holy writ, "a painted sepulchre," for burying your lives, liberty and property.

Your *Judges*, and your *Legislative Council*, as it is called, are *dependant* on your *Governor*, and he is *dependant* on the servant of the Crown in Great Britain. The *legislative*, *executive* and *judging* powers are all moved by the nods of a Minister. Privileges and immunities last no longer than his smiles. When he frowns, their feeble forms dissolve. Such a treacherous ingenuity has been exerted in drawing up the code lately offered you, that every sentence, beginning with a benevolent pretension, concludes with a destructive power; and the substance of the whole, divested of its smooth words, is--- that the crown and its Minister shall be as absolute throughout your extended province, as the despots of Asia or Africa. What can protect your property from taxing edicts, and the rapacity of necessitous and cruel masters? your persons from *Lettres de Cache*, goals, dungeons, and oppressive services? your lives and general liberty from arbitrary and unfeeling rulers? We defy you to cast your view upon every side, to discern a single circumstance, promising from any quarter the faintest hope of liberty to you or posterity, but from an entire adoption into the union of these Colonies.

6 What advice would the truly great man before mentioned that advocate of freedom and humanity, give you, were he now living, and knew that we, your numerous and powerful neighbours, animated by a just love of our invaded rights, and

and united by the indissoluble bands of affection and interest, called upon you, by every obligation of regard for your selves and your children, as we now do, to join us in our righteous contest, to make common cause with us therein, and take a noble chance of emerging from a humiliating subjection under governors, intendants, and military tyrants, into the firm rank and condition of English freemen, whose custom it is, derived from their ancestors, to make those tremble, who dare to think of making them miserable?"

Would not this be the purport of his address? "Seize the opportunity presented to you by providence itself. You have been conquered into liberty, if you act as you ought. This work is not of man. You are a small people, compared with those who with open arms invite you into fellowship. A moment's reflection should convince you which will be most for your interest and happiness, to have all the rest of North-America your unalterable friends, or your inveterate enemies. The injuries of Boston have roused and associated every colony from Nova-Scotia to Georgia. Your province is the only link wanting to compleat the bridge and strong chain of union. Nature has joined your country to theirs. Do you join your political interests. For their own sakes they never will desert you. Be assured that the happiness of a people inevitably depends on their liberty, and their spirit to assert it. The value and extent of the advantages tendered to you are immense. Heaven grant you may not discover them to be blessings after they have bid you an eternal adieu." We

7 We are too well acquainted with the liberty of sentiment, distinguishing your nation, to imagine that difference of religion will prejudice you against a hearty amity with us. You know that the transcendant nature of freedom elevates those who unite in her cause, above all such low minded infirmities. The Swiss Cantons furnish a memorable proof of this truth. Their union is composed of Roman Catholic and Protestant States, living in the utmost concord and peace with one another, and thereby enabled, ever since they bravely vindicated their freedom, to defy and defeat every tyrant that has invaded them.

Should there be any among you, as there generally are in all societies, who prefer the favours of ministers, and their own private interests to the welfare of their country, the temper of such selfish persons will render them incredibly active in opposing all public-spirited measures, from an expectation of being well rewarded for their industry, by their superiors; but we doubt not you will be upon your guard against such men, and not sacrifice the liberty and happiness of the whole Canadian people and their posterity, to gratify the avarice and ambition of individuals.

We do not ask you, by this address, to commence acts of hostility against the government of our common Sovereign. We only invite you to consult your own glory and welfare, and not to suffer yourselves to be inveigled or intimidated by infamous Ministers so far, as to become the instruments of their cruelty and despotism, but to unite with us in one social compact,

formed

formed on the generous principles of equal liberty, and cemented by such an exchange of beneficial and endearing offices as to render it perpetual.

E X T R A C T

from the

A M E R I C A N C R I S I S

No. V.

Addressed to Sir WILLIAM HOWE,

by T H O M A S P A Y N E, Esq.

WHEN we take a survey of mankind, we cannot help cursing the wretch, who, to the unavoidable misfortunes of nature shall wilfully add the calamities of war. One would think there were evils enough in the world without studying to encrease them, and that life is sufficiently short without shaking the sand that measures it. The histories of Alexander, and Charles of Sweden, are the histories of human devils; a good man cannot think of their actions without abhorrence nor of their deaths without rejoicing. To see the bounties of heaven destroyed, the beautiful face of nature laid waste, and the choicest works of creation and art tumbled into ruin, would fetch a curse from the soul of piety itself. But in this country the aggravation is lengthened by a new combination of affecting circumstances. America was young, and compared with other countries

tries, was virtuous. None but a Herod of uncommon malice would have made war upon infancy and innocence; and none but a people of the most finished fortitude dared, under those circumstances, have resisted the tyranny. The natives, or their ancestors, had fled from the former oppressions of England and with the industry of bees had changed a wilderness into a habitable world. To Britain they were indebted for nothing. The country was the gift of Heaven, and God alone is their Lord and Sovereign.

The time, Sir, will come when you, in a melancholy hour, shall reckon up your miseries by your murders in America. Life, with you, begins to wear a clouded aspect. The vision of pleasurable delusion is wearing away, and changing to the barren wild of age and sorrow. The poor reflection of having served your king will yield you no consolation in your parting moments. He will crumble to the same undistinguished ashes with yourself, and have sins enough of his own to answer for. It is not the farcical benedictions of a Bishop, nor the cringing hypocrisy of a court of chaplains, nor the formality of an act of Parliament, that can change guilt into innocence, or make the punishment *one* pang the less. You may, perhaps be unwilling to be serious, but this destruction of the goods of Providence, this havoc of the human race, and this sowing the world with mischief, must be accounted for to him who made and governs it. To us they are only present sufferings but to him they are deep rebellions. I NO 51

FRAGMENT

F R A G M E N T

*of an original Letter on the slavery
of the Negroes ;*

written in the year 1776,

by THOMAS DAY, Esq;

(Lately published in London.)

I am extremely fearful of expressing myself obscurely upon so abstract a subject, and must therefore, though with the hazard of prolixity, attempt to place it in a different light.--If you imagine any number of the human species assembled in some particular part of the globe, without any form of government established among them, it is evident, that these individuals may either live together in such a manner as to produce mutual comfort and assistance, or may be the cause of continual misery to each other. No proposition in the mathematics can be investigated with more precision than the methods of conduct which have these contrary tendencies. Every disposition which inclines one man to assist another, or to avoid giving him offence, or doing him an injury, must necessarily contribute to the common welfare ; which would be perfect, were these dispositions cultivated in the greatest possible degree. On the contrary, every disposition which, either by fraud or violence, tends to interrupt the personal security of individuals

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duals, or deprive them of those things which they have acquired by their industry, is detrimental to the sum of happiness, and would, if carried to the greatest possible degree, entirely destroy that part of the species.---In this view of things, morality arises from necessity, and comprehends "certain rules of conduct founded upon the relations which beings endowed with particular faculties bear to each other; which rules, when properly observed, produce happiness to society; but when violated or neglected, as necessarily occasion misery, as fire or pointed substances excite pain, when they act too forcibly upon the nerves."

I hardly think that the greatest Skeptic will deny these distinctions, founded upon facts as certain as the impression of any material substance upon our senses. If we now proceed a little farther, we shall find that the dispositions, which produce these different kinds of conduct, are, by the moralists, expressed by different names, and enforced by different motives, according to their several systems; while natural religion adds its sanctions, and inclines us to believe that the Deity himself, who has displayed so great an attention to the happiness and preservation of his creatures here, may extend his benevolence to another stage of existence and compensate the evil sometimes unmeritedly suffered below. But if we admit the evidence of revealed religion, the scheme of human things is perfect as it is august; the clouds which overshadowed our horizon are dissipated, and the gradual progress of triumphant virtue, through dangers and difficulties, to eternal happiness, is displayed and ascertained.

Having

2. Having laid down these principles, it is easy to apply them to the particular case in question. Slavery is the absolute dependance of one man upon another; and is, therefore, as inconsistent with all ideas of justice as despotism is with the rights of nature. It is a crime so monstrous against the human species, that all those that practise it deserve to be extirpated from the earth. It is no little, indirect attack upon the safety and happiness of our fellow creatures, but one that boldly strikes at the foundation of all humanity and justice. Robbers invade the property, and murderers, the life of human beings; but he that holds another man in bondage, subjects the whole sum of his existence to oppression, bereaves him of every hope, and is, therefore, more detestable than a robber and assassin combined. But if no one who has common feeling will commit the outrage, no one who has common sense will attempt to justify it by argument; since it would involve him in the grossest and most inextricable contradictions. He must allow that every man has, by nature, a right to live, yet that every other man has a right to rob him of it; that every man has an equal right to subsistence, yet that every other may deprive him of all the means; and that while every individual is justified by nature and the Deity, in pursuing his own happiness by all innocent methods, every other individual is equally justified in making him miserable. In short, it is reducing every thing to the state before described, from which right and justice are equally excluded.

Of you, sir, who say you have several slaves, I beg leave to ask what are the rights you claim over

over them ? Is your power circumscribed by no bounds, and are there particular beings who bring into the world all the rights which you yourself can pretend to, but have so entirely lost them by being transported into another country, as to be beyond the protection both of nature and nature's God ?

Surely, sir, unless I am deceived in you, you are a man both of honour and humanity. You start at the idea of wanton and unprovoked barbarity. You would not murder a slave to shew your dexterity, nor maim him to prove your strength ; you would not dash an infant upon the ground to feed your dogs, even tho' he were black ; nor would you rip up the belly of his mother while she was suckling him, to improve your skill in anatomy. You neither would, nor *dare* you commit actions like these ; you feel that you have no right to do them ; or, if you have, that every other man has an equal and superior right to destroy you like a beast of prey. What then are your rights ? I anticipate your answer : You will feed and clothe your Negroes, you will treat them with humanity and tenderness, and then you have a right to a moderate advantage from their labours. All this, sir, is well ; and could I conceive you had ever acted in another manner, I should never have troubled you with this tedious letter. While your negroes choose to stay with you upon these terms, this is a fair and equitable compact. But what if they should choose to leave you, will you let them go ? if you do, you are a man of honor, sense, and humanity ; but I fear no West-Indian.

Are there no whips, no gibbets, no punishments more dreadful than death itself for contumacious

ious slaves? And what is this but claiming the detestable power I have mentioned above, that of making other beings miserable, for your interest or amusement? Who, Sir, gave you a title to their labours, or a right to confine them to loathsome drudgery? and if you have no right to this, what are the punishments you pretend to inflict, but so many additional outrages? Has a robber a claim upon your life because you withhold your property; or a ravisher to a woman's blood, because she defends her chastity! Either then prove your right to their labours, or acknowledge that the punishments inflicted upon fugitive slaves are a flagitious insult upon justice, humanity & common sense.

3. Permit me, here, to examine for a moment the nature of the title by which you claim an irredeemable property in the labours of your fellow creatures.—A wretch, devoid of compassion and understanding, who calls himself a king of some part of Africa, which suffers the calamity of being frequented by the Europeans, seizes his innocent subjects or engages in an unnecessary war to furnish himself with prisoners; these are loaded with chains, torn from all their comforts and connections, and driven (like beasts to the slaughter house) down to the sea shore, where the mild subjects of a Christian government and a religious king are waiting to agree for the purchase, and to transport them to America. They are then thrust by hundreds into an infectious hold of a ship, in which the greatest part frequently perish by disease, while the rest are reserved to experience the candour and humanity of American patriots—If you have never yet considered it, pause here for

a moment, and endeavour to impress upon your minds the feelings of a being full as sensible, and perhaps more innocent than you or I, which is thus torn in an instant from every thing that makes life agreeable; from country, friends and parents; from the intercourse of mutual affection with mistress, lover or child; which, possessed of feelings more exquisite than European hearts can conceive, is separated forever from all it loves; that reduced to a depth of misery, which even in the midst of freedom and affluence, would be sufficient to overwhelm the most hardened disposition, instead of friends and comforters, and obsequious attendants, sees itself surrounded with unrelenting persecutors and un pitying enemies; wretches who by long intercourse with misery, are grown callous to its agonies; who answer tears with taunts, and complaints with torture! I shudder at the horrors which I describe, and blush to be a human creature! Yet these are not the colours of description, but a recital of facts less strong than the reality. Can any man reflect upon these things, without unutterable remorse? Can he know that, perhaps, while he is wallowing in luxury and sensuality, there are beings whose existence he has embittered, mothers shrieking for their children, and children perishing for want of their mothers; wretches who are frantic with rage shame and desperation, or pining in all the agonies of slow and painful death, who might have been at peace if he had never existed? Can any man know this and hope for mercy, either from his fellow creatures or his God? After the arrival of the surviving wretches

in America, you well know in what manner they are transferred to their conscientious master,—how they are brought to the market, naked, weeping and in chains—how one man dares to examine his fellow creatures as he would do beasts, and bargain for their persons—how all the most sacred duties, affections, and feelings of the human heart, are violated and insulted; and thus you dare to call yourselves the masters of wretches whom you have acquired by fraud, and retain by violence! While I am tracing this practice, which you and every man who has been in the islands or the southern colonies of America, know to be true, my astonishment exceeds even my horror, to find it possible that any one man should seriously doubt whether an equitable title to hold human beings in bondage can be thus acquired.

With what face, Sir, can he who has never respected the rights of nature in another, pretend to claim them in his own favour? How dare the inhabitants of the southern colonies speak of privileges and justice? Is money of so much more importance than life? Or have the Americans shared the dispensing power of St. Peter's successors, to excuse their own observance of those rules which they impose upon others? If there is an object truly ridiculous in nature, it is an American patriot, signing resolutions of independency with the one hand, and with the other, brandishing a whip over his affrighted slaves.

4. If men would be consistent, they must admit all the consequences of their own principles; and you and your countrymen are reduced to the dilemma of either acknowledging the rights of you
Negroes,

Negroes, or of surrendering your own.—If there be certain natural and universal rights, as the declarations of your Congress so repeatedly affirm, I wonder how the unfortunate Africans have incurred their forfeiture.—Is it the antiquity, or the virtues, or the great qualities of the English Americans, which constitutes the difference, and entitles them to rights from which they totally exclude more than a fourth part of the species?—Or do you choose to make use of that argument, which the great Montesquieu has thrown out as the severest ridicule, that they are black and you white; that you have lank, long hair, while theirs is short and woolly?

The more attentively you consider this subject, the more clearly you will perceive, that every plea, which can be advanced upon it, is the plea of interest and tyranny combating humanity and truth. You cannot hide from your self, that every title you can alledge must be a title founded upon fraud or violence, and supported by open and avowed injustice, that a man who is born free can never forfeit his inheritance by suffering oppression; and that it is a contradiction to urge a purchase of what no one has a right to sell? Nor does it make any difference whether the unfortunate victims pass from one to another, or from one to a thousand masters, any more than whether a nation be enslaved by a first, or by a hundredth tyrant. There can be no prescription against truth and justice; and the continuance of the evil is so far from justifying, that it is an exaggeration of the crime. What would you say to a man in private life, who should pretend to be no thief, because he only

only-bought stolen goods ; or that he was no villain, because he did not forge a deed himself, but only paid another to do it, and enjoyed the estate by that honourable security? Yet this is literally the title which the Americans plead to the unfortunate inhabitants of Africa. You do not go to Africa to buy or steal your Negroes ; perhaps, because you are too lazy and luxurious : but you encourage an infamous pitiless, race of men to do it for you, and conscientiously receive the fruits of their crimes. You do not, merciful men, reduce your fellow creatures to servitude ! No, men of your independent spirits, that have taken up arms against the government that had protected and established them, rather than pay a tax of three-pence ; that have laid the axe to the root of all human authority, and instead of drinking the bitter waters of civil abuses and prescriptive obedience, have ascended to the living fountains of truth, justice and nature, would never make flagitious attempts upon the liberties and happiness of their brethren ! Yes, gentlemen, men of liberal minds like yours, acknowledge all mankind to be their equals.—Leave hereditary tyrants and their flatterers to make distinctions unknown to nature, and to degrade one part of the species to brutes, while they equal the other with gods !—You know that this is the greatest of all corruptions, and as such you detest it.—What ! are not all men naturally equal ? And are not all civil distinctions, when legitimate the permission of the people, and consequently subordinate to their power and controul ? Did you not carry the rights of men into the uncultivated desert and the howling wilderness ? Not

French

Frenchmen, nor of Germans, nor of Englishmen, but of men ;— men, the first and supreme distinction, who, created for freedom and happiness, transport to every soil the inherent prerogatives of their nature.

Yes, gentlemen, as you are no longer Englishmen, I hope you will please to be men ; and, as such, admit the whole human species to a participation of your unalienable rights. You will not, therefore, drag a trembling wretch from his cottage and his family ; you will not tear the child from the arms of his frantic mother, that they may drag on a loathsome existence in misery and chains ; you will not make depredations upon your unoffending neighbours, and after having spread desolation over a fertile country, reduce the innocent inhabitants to servitude. To do this, you must be monsters, worse, I fear, than a majority of the House of Commons and the English Ministry.— But you are men tremblingly alive to all the rights and feelings of the kind, and I believe some of you at least are Christians. Your worst actions therefore, the greatest crimes which even your enemies can object, are only that you are the voluntary causes of those mischiefs ?— You encourage the English pirate to violate the laws of faith and hospitality, and stimulate him to new excesses by purchasing the fruits of his rapine— Your avarice is the torch of treachery and civil war, which desolates the shores of Africa and makes destruction on half the majestic species of man.

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THE END.





